

GOLD and RADIUM are HIDDEN in To-day's "Daily Mirror." See page 6.

The Daily Mirror.

No. 36.

Registered at the G. P. O.
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1903.

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THE SANDRINGHAM PRESS, 54a, FLEET STREET, E.C.

Our special forecast for to-day is: Variable breezes; showers of rain or hail, with bright intervals; rather cold.

Lighting-up time for all vehicles, 4.15.

SEA PASSAGES.

English Channel, rather rough to moderate; North Sea, moderate; Irish Channel, moderate to smooth.

The Daily Mirror.

346th Day of Year.

Saturday, Dec. 12, 1903.

19 days to Dec. 31.

To-Day's News at a Glance.

Home.

The appointment of Major-General Plumer, C.B., to command the 10th Division and 19th Brigade, Fourth Army Corps, in place of Major-General Sir W. F. Gatacre, K.C.B., D.S.O., whose tenure of appointment has expired, is announced in last night's "Gazette."

While hunting with the North Staffordshire hounds yesterday Earl Huntingdon was thrown and sustained a fractured collarbone.

As the necessary guarantee has not been forthcoming, it has been decided to postpone till 1907 the musical festival which was to have been held in Peterborough Cathedral next year.

The Duchess of Albany unveiled three memorials at Kingston-on-Thames yesterday, and had a narrow escape through the horse of one of the troopers in her escort bolting.

Although Lord Rosebery is suffering from a severe cold, he will attempt to fulfil his Edinburgh engagements.

The Newmarket bloodstock sales wound up tamely yesterday, the highest price being 1,050 guineas, given by Sir Peter Walker for St. Evremonde.

A prize, valued at 100 guineas, will be given by the National Rifle Association, to be competed for at the next Bisley meeting with the automatic rifles suitable for military purposes.

The condition of Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff showed an improvement yesterday.

A malachite vase, which Queen Victoria once wished to purchase, and many other priceless curios, were destroyed in a serious fire yesterday at Oulton Towers, near Wye, Kent.

"Sir Walter Besant was, like Dickens, a social reformer, but he was a constructive rather than a destructive critic," said Lord Monkswell unveiling the Besant memorial at St. Paul's yesterday.

Westminster Roman Catholic Cathedral will be opened with a midnight mass on Christmas Eve.

Six well-known Roman Catholics and six Protestants have been selected to hold a conference on the Irish University question at Dublin.

The freehold of Dan Leno's house in Clapham Park has been bought by a community of French nuns.

The next Royal Military Tournament will commence on May 26, 1904.

Among the passengers to the Cape by the Union-Castle liner Walmer Castle, which sails from Southampton to-day, are Mr. Rudyard Kipling and family.

A greater number of candidates (17,266) than in any previous year is sitting at the Cambridge Local examinations, which commence on Monday.

At St. Paul's Cathedral to-morrow the anthem will be "Think, good Jesus" (Mozart, No. 645, pts. 4, 5, 6), and at Westminster Abbey "The Lord is a God of Judgment" (Parry).

A fine Dresden white china figure of a King of Poland, thirty inches high, was sold yesterday at Messrs. Tooth and Tooth's auction rooms for £86.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has consented to become a Vice-President of the Cab-drivers' Benevolent Association, 15, Soho-square.

Cambridge is the favourite in to-day's inter-University cross-country race.

The two rowing "Blues" Messrs. R. B. Etherington-Smith and J. E. Payne, have taken the degree of Bachelor of Medicine at Cambridge.

The estate of the late Mr. Ferdinand Marshall Huth, who was well known in banking and assurance circles, has been returned at £304,074 3s. 8d.

Foreign.

No cheering greeted the boy King of Spain as he passed along the crowded streets of Lisbon yesterday on his first visit to his neighbour, King Carlos. The two Kings went Pigeon-shooting in the evening.

The Bulgarian bands which were surrounded by the Turks at Gorgopoli, a village near Gumendia, have broken through the cordon, killing or wounding twenty Turks. The bands then scattered in three directions, hotly pursued.

Fifteen of the British Parliamentary delegates left Paris for London yesterday.

No confirmation has been received at the War Office of the rumour current at Aden that the Somali levies had mutinied and joined the Mullah.

The German Minister of War said in the Reichstag yesterday that experiments were being made with the object of producing a satisfactory self-loading war rifle, as a sporting one of that type has already been invented.

Madame de Maupassant, mother of the eminent author, who collaborated with her son in dramatising some of his novels, has died at Nice at the age of seventy.

A German labour paper states that during the third quarter of this year, German employers have given away £358,944 in bequests and donations benefiting clerks' and workers' institutions.

M. Lebaudy, who recently notified the French racing authorities that he is to be known on the turf as Jacques I., has sent a similar intimation to the French Yacht Club.

At the request of Archbishop Bourne, who took leave of the Pope yesterday, his Holiness gave his benediction for the Catholic Boys' Brigade, writing the blessing at the foot of the petition with his own hand.

It is believed that the Moorish ex-Minister of War is coming to London to attempt to negotiate a loan for the Sultan.

M. Carnegie is said to be about to devote some millions of dollars to the reconstruction of Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Professor Finsen, who is dangerously ill, was yesterday visited by the King of Sweden and his son, who quietly congratulated him on winning the Nobel medicine prize.

Colonial.

The All Australia team commenced their first test match against the M.C.C. yesterday at Sydney, and at the close of play the former had lost seven wickets for 259 runs.

The Canadian Government has decided to construct, in England, a warship to supervise the Atlantic fisheries.

Political.

The Cabinet will not reassemble till the middle of January unless compelled to do so by unforeseen circumstances.

The Scotch Conservative conference at Glasgow yesterday thanked Mr. Balfour for having instituted an inquiry into the fiscal question, but only agreed to the resolution on condition that Mr. Chamberlain was also thanked for his "patriotic efforts" to raise the subject.

M. Bryce, M.P., speaking at Halifax last night, said that only landlords and large capitalists would benefit by Mr. Chamberlain's scheme.

M. W. Long, speaking at Glasgow last night, said the Unionist division on the fiscal question could only be of a temporary character, for the spirit and enthusiasm of the people would be too much for those who hesitated and objected. The Home Rule danger was even more real now than in the past.

Law and Police Courts.

Charged at North London Police-court with begging three men pleaded that they were singing carols. The magistrate promptly ordered them to perform in the courtyard, and being satisfied, discharged them.

After watching for five days the police obtained five summonses against James Slatter, Euston-square newsagent, for using his shop for betting purposes. A fine of £50 was imposed.

Thirty-nine years in prison was the record of a ticket-of-leave man who was sentenced to five years' penal servitude for burglary at the West Ham Sessions yesterday. He will also have to serve three years and ninety-five days of unexpired time on his last sentence.

One of the co-respondents in the Bispham divorce suit conducted his own case with great success yesterday.—See page 5.

A Lincolnshire woman, who objected to her child being "kept in" after school, struck the head mistress and knocked an assistant into the fireplace, for which she was fined 30s.

A Scottish Presbyterian minister was cited as co-respondent in an Edinburgh divorce case yesterday, when a decision was made in favour of the petitioner.

Court Circular.



Circular.

Marlborough House, Friday, Dec. 11.

The Prince and Princess of Wales arrived to-day from Iwerne Minster, where their Royal Highnesses have been staying on a visit to Lord and Lady Wolverton.

Lady Katharine Coke and Captain Viscount Crichton were in attendance.

RUSSIA AND JAPAN.

The Japanese Parliament Dissolved.

TERMS OF TSAR'S REPLY.

The Japanese Emperor has dissolved the Diet.

That is the most striking feature in the Far Eastern situation to-day. Indeed, the position is otherwise practically unchanged.

The dissolution of the Diet follows on the extraordinary resolution voted by the House of Representatives on Thursday at the opening of the Diet. For the first time since the Japanese Constitution was granted, in the eighties, the House made use of the right to the Emperor's speech to pass a strongly-worded vote of censure on the Government, condemning it for its temporising policy with regard to the questions between Japan and Russia, and asking his Majesty to review the situation.

The Obstinate Parties.

Hopes had been entertained (says Reuter) in official circles that in view of the extraordinary nature of the step taken by the Lower House on Thursday its vote would be reversed yesterday, but the allied parties, at meetings held outside the Diet, decided not to reverse the vote, and a dissolution was consequently decided upon.

This obstinate attitude of the political parties, all of which are united in their dissatisfaction with the Government's treatment of the question, indicates the extent to which the national feeling has been roused against Russia.

The dissolution of the House under these circumstances is a natural step in a country so constituted as Japan. The Emperor's advisers, in view of the critical nature of the situation and the obvious desire of Parliament to discuss foreign affairs with embarrassing frankness, would have little hesitation in placing a muzzle on the popular assembly.

The Parliamentary system is so different from ours that such a step, while it might cause considerable unpopularity, could be carried through without difficulty. The mere veneration for the Emperor's name would, indeed, prevent any great popular expression of discontent.

General Election May Not Follow.

In the ordinary course a general election would follow, but in a country where Ministers are accustomed to take what to us would be high-handed measures with the National Assembly this need not necessarily take place at once. An Imperial rescript has more than once overruled the Japanese Constitution, and if the leading statesmen thought a general election inopportune at the present moment, some steps would no doubt be taken to delay it.

Neither popular government nor Cabinet responsibility are understood in Japan in the same manner as in England.

The inference to be drawn would seem to be that the Mikado's advisers think the situation still critical, and are not prepared to take the risk that might be involved in free parliamentary discussion.

The Russian Proposals.

From Paris comes an outline of the Russian reply to the Japanese proposals. According to this, Russia is willing to consent to the neutralisation of northern Korea, "with the object of facilitating the movement of her troops from Port Arthur to Vladivostock," and concedes Japanese supremacy in the south of Korea. This is in substance the same as the offer made by Baron de Rosen some weeks ago, which was rejected by Japan.

Peace or War?

In well-informed circles in London it is not considered probable that the present situation in the Far East will be allowed to drift into war. There is, no doubt (says Reuter) a strong feeling on the part of the Japanese public that it would be better to attack Russia at once than allow her time to strengthen her position, but the temporary advantage which might possibly be hers in pursuing such a policy would hardly induce the statesmen of Japan to run the terrible risk involved in war.

On the other hand it is pointed out that it is also not to the advantage of Russia to precipitate hostilities at the present juncture.

Any question of peace or war remains entirely in the hands of the Japanese Emperor and his advisers, who will not allow the

interests of Japan to be menaced by unenlightened popular demands.

No credence is attached at St. Petersburg (says Reuter) to the Tokio report that the Russian fleet which has arrived at Chemulpo is prepared to land men with a view to a march upon Seoul in the event of Korea disregarding Russia's warning against the opening of Yongampho to foreign trade.

The statement that M. Pavloff, the Russian Minister, presented a formal warning to the Korean Government is denied. It is pointed out that such a move at this stage, by inflaming Japanese sentiment, might force on the issue which both Powers are anxious to avoid.

The tone of the Russian Press seems to be pacific. The *Novoe Vremya* states that a settlement will be reached which will in no way hurt Japanese amour propre.

THE QUEEN'S DANGER.

The Fire Originated in the Dining-Room.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Sandringham, Friday.

Her Majesty's good fortune in escaping injury proves to be greater than was thought yesterday.

For some little time Sandringham House has been the scene of a number of minor interior alterations, one of which was the fitting of a new fireplace in Miss Knollys's room, immediately beneath which slept the Queen.

The fireplace rested on a bed of concrete and then on a large wooden beam. Here it was that the fire began. The room was well-lined with asbestos, in accordance with the King's orders, after the more disastrous fire of some years ago.

About five o'clock on Thursday morning Miss Knollys awoke, almost choked. Her presence of mind in at once rousing the Queen has previously been described.

It was not a moment too soon. Had Miss Knollys not awakened to the reality of the danger, or had she been overcome by the smoke, there would have been great peril. But fortune was merciful and escape was assured.

The Queen once in safety, the household was alarmed, and servants were soon trooping up from every direction. The house brigade proved efficient, and in about twenty minutes the flames were extinguished.

The scene of the outbreak was then examined, when the whole of the mystery was cleared up. The heat from the fire in Miss Knollys's room, penetrating the concrete, had set the underlying beam smouldering, and in all probability the spark had been eating its way into the wood for several days before it finally sprang into flame. The blaze then began to creep along until it burst through the ceiling of her Majesty's room right over the door.

All the damage is to be attributed to water. The carpets are ruined. The part of the ceiling that fell was many yards away from where her Majesty had been sleeping. The destruction was greater in the dining-room, where most of the furniture was seriously damaged.

Her Majesty, with Miss Knollys, remained up until all had been done, and then retired to another part of the house. She rose later in the morning as radiant and fresh as ever, and subsequently drove out in a dogcart.

A very large number of telegrams was received at Sandringham yesterday congratulating Queen Alexandra on her escape. Replies were sent in the Queen's name by Miss Knollys.

THE "DISCOVERY."

Insufficiency of Funds may Cause an Early Return.

The Terra Nova, the relief ship in search of the Discovery exploring vessel, on board which Captain Scott and his crew have been imprisoned alone since the Morning left nearly twelve months ago, has, now that the ice-barrier of the South Polar regions is open for its brief annual season, left Tasmania on its mission under Admiralty orders.

There is one particularly interesting letter among those carried by the Terra Nova. Sir Clements Markham, in the name of the president of the Council of the Royal Geographical Society, has sent a long communication to Captain Scott, in which in every respect he congratulates him warmly on the work done.

Coming to money matters Sir Clements says that the balance of the Discovery fund is only sufficient to pay salaries and wages until October, 1904. Therefore he urges all possible economy as to expenditure.

In conclusion, Captain Scott is told he need have no anxiety about money when he manages to get to Lyttelton again, either with or without the Discovery.

£400 A YEAR ON DOGS.

Lady's Fifty Pets which Do as They are Told.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Friday.

A strange sight was seen at Joinville-le-Pont, France, the other day. A lady was seen marching to the police station at the head of a troop of fifty dogs, from Great Danes and Newfoundlands down to terriers, all barking terribly.

On arrival at the station she made a sign, and the riot at once ceased; the dogs stood at "attention," as quiet as sentries.

The lady had been summoned on the complaint of her neighbours, who stated that her pets made sleep impossible. To the Chief of Police she stated that she devoted her fortune to stray dogs, keeping fifty herself and paying for the board of the others.

"But," said the official, "they say your pets are disorderly, and make a fearful noise."

"Come and see if they are ill-behaved," said the lady, and she led the officer into the street.

At the sight of their mistress a frightful barking ensued, and the dogs romped about as if mad. Then the lady raised her hand, and cried, "Quiet, pretty ones; let them see you're taught!"

At once the noise ceased, and the Chief of Police declared that the dogs had been calmed.

The lady, who spends £400 a year on her pets, said she would have gone to the Chamber of Deputies if the police decision had been against her.

THE SERGEANT'S RUSE.

Incident that Astonished the People of Windsor.

The good housewives of Windsor bent on their morning's shopping stood aghast, tradesmen came to their doors and stared in amazement, at the sight of a respected local police sergeant racing down one of the main streets yesterday with a bag clutched tightly in his hand, while in hot pursuit came a young lady who screamed as she ran. "Coward! coward!"

But as the sergeant came in front of the police station he stopped suddenly and, turning round, received his fair pursuer full in his arms, and without delay escorted her inside.

Afterwards it was learned in explanation that the young woman had been declared insane on the previous day, but that yesterday morning she escaped from the house of some friends; and, the sergeant meeting her in the street, attempted to take her with him. Owing to her violent struggles, and the fact that he was hampered by his bag, which contained the force's wages, he bethought himself of the expedient of running away, which, as the story shows, had an eminently successful result.

BYE-ELECTION NOMINATIONS.

The election contests in the Lewisham and Dulwich constituencies have reached the nomination stage, and yesterday Major Coates and Mr. Cleland were formally recognised as Conservative and Liberal candidates respectively in the former division, while Dr. Rutherford Harris (Conservative) and Mr. Masterman (Liberal) were nominated for Dulwich.

Dr. Harris has received a letter from Mr. Chamberlain wishing the candidate success.

Major Coates, in the course of a speech at Sydenham yesterday, appealed for support to the policy of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain.

SWISS LADIES FIGHTING ABSINTHE.

Our Geneva correspondent writes:—The "Swiss Women's League Against Alcohol" has been holding its annual meeting in this town. Intemperance, they declare, is greatly on the increase in this country, even among women. Absinthe drinking is the chief blight, and in Western Switzerland, where the yellowish-green spirit is manufactured, even the children are taking to it with terrible results.

MASCAGNI'S NEW OPERA.

Signor Mascagni has completed a new opera, entitled "Marie Antoinette." It will be produced shortly at the Costanzi Theatre, in Rome. There are seven scenes: The Court at Vienna with the Empress Maria Theresa and her daughter Marie Antoinette; the reception at Versailles; the arrest at Varennes; Marie Antoinette before the Convent; the Temple; the Revolutionary Tribunal, and the execution.

IDEAL SERVANTS AND THEIR REWARD.

There is a society in Vienna entitled the Blue Cross, which suitably rewards domestic servants who remain long periods in the service of their masters. On the occasion of the fifty-fifth anniversary of the Emperor's accession to the throne a festival was arranged, and seventy servants received decorations. The winner of the gold medal was a maid who has been fifty-five years in the service of one master, and there were many others who had thirty, twenty-five, and twenty years to their credit.

They received a brooch in old silver with the portraits of the Emperor and the Archduchess Maria Josefa.

THE FISCAL FIGHT.

Sir W. Harcourt's Attack on Mr. Chamberlain.

A big loaf and a little loaf lay beside Sir William Harcourt as he rose to speak on the fiscal problem at Tredegar last night.

Before the oratory, however, there were free food songs, somewhat on the same poetic plane as those with which Mrs. Brown-Potter advocates the cause of Mr. Chamberlain. One verse ran:—

Chamberlain would tax our bread and food,
Little he cares for the poor man's good.
Our meal will rise, we wages fall,
Employment less, bad times for all;
And still he wants a little bit off the loaf.

Sir William commenced by quoting Mr. Chamberlain's speeches in favour of free trade in 1885. The chief points of his speech were:

The Prime Minister told them he was determined to lead, but his followers were equally determined not to follow.

The Government was only a derelict wreck of fortuitous atoms.

The supporters of the Government at Lewisham and Dulwich were one day for the Prime Minister, one day for Mr. Chamberlain, and some days for both.

Mr. Chamberlain's plans, instead of benefiting the English farmer, would create a new competitor.

Mr. Chaplin and his friends would not be satisfied with 2s. a quarter tax; it would need £0 at the end of the "2."

No man had a right to make such impossible pledges as Mr. Chamberlain had given in promising employment for every industrious man.

ANOTHER DANISH BRIDE-ELECT.

There is a saying that no year passes without the betrothal of a descendant of the King of Denmark, and this year it seems the saying will again come true.

It is expected that the betrothal of the Princess Alexandra of Cumberland to the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin will be made public on December 21. The bridegroom-elect came to the throne at the death of his father in 1897, when he was only fifteen. He is tall and handsome, and very popular with his people. The Grand Duke's eldest sister is married to Prince Christian of Denmark, whilst the younger sister, the Duchess Cæcilie, has been named as the probable bride of the Tsarewitch.

By a marriage with a Cumberland Princess the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin would become nearly connected with our royal house.

A ROTHSCHILD SUMMER RESIDENCE.

The late Baron Arthur de Rothschild, whose death we announced yesterday, had as his summer residence an ancient Cistercian abbey at Vaux-de-Cernay, in France. It dated from the twelfth century, and the owner had preserved the fortified door, the vaulted buildings, and a large part of the church, of which the façade has a beautiful rose window.

THE MILLIONAIRE'S ASSAILANT.

A sequel to the story of the kidnapping of a millionaire at Milan comes in the news of the suicide of Chevalier Vecchio, the author of the crime, at Florence.

Vecchio invited his friend, Signor Beretta, to a lonely villa, where under threats of death he made the victim sign some cheques and make a will leaving £120,000 to Vecchio. Instructions were given to a servant to drown Beretta, but on the offer of a large reward the man relented and released him.

"PETTICOAT INFLUENCE."

There was some plain speaking in Glasgow yesterday in the hearing of a Cabinet Minister, Mr. Walter Long, at the annual conference of the Scottish Conservative Association.

Colonel Denny, for one, said that the War Commission's report filled them with disgust. The new Army Board must be vested with full responsibility, and the men whose cause was championed at the War Office by petticoats should be black-marked for ever.

The Prussian Minister of War, General Von Einem, yesterday (says Reuter) referred in the Reichstag to the case of Lieutenant Bilse, who was tried and sentenced for writing a novel in which he depicted painful aspects of military life in the fortitudine town of Forbach.

The Minister evoked loud cheers by saying: "I pledge myself a second Forbach will not be in the army."

Referring to the demand of the German Press that a stop should be put to the exercise of influence by officers' wives, the Minister said he recalled with satisfaction and gratitude the guidance which formerly young officers had received at the hands of the wives of their seniors.

THE UNHAPPY PRINCESS.

The further divorce proceedings of the Prince and Princess Friedrich of Schönburg-Waldenburg (Princess Alice de Bourbon) are postponed until January. The case will be conducted with closed doors.

The one thing that the Princess is anxious about is that she should be allowed to retain the custody of her only child, a little boy.

PRIMA DONNA'S TROUBLES.

Madame Nordica's Second Suit for Divorce.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

New York, Friday.

Madame Nordica, whose voice has charmed both hemispheres, is for the second time applying for a divorce.

Her first husband was Mr. Frederick Gower, a wealthy electrician, who achieved distinction by his part in the invention of the famous Gower-Bell telephone. Madame Nordica was married to him before she had attained worldwide reputation. In 1887 the prima donna instituted divorce proceedings, but while they were still in progress Mr. Gower met a tragic fate. He attempted to cross the English Channel in a balloon, and was never afterwards heard of.

Legal proceedings were taken by the widow in France as to the disposition of his property, and she succeeded in obtaining about £8,000.

Madame Nordica's second marriage, which she is now seeking to dissolve, was contracted in 1896, when she was led to the altar by the Hungarian tenor, Herr Zoltan Doebe. They have been estranged for over a year, and have several attempts to bring about a reconciliation have failed.

Herr Doebe, who recently arrived at New York, is in a sanatorium suffering from nervous collapse. Madame Nordica charges him with neglect and paying attentions to other women, including a noted opera singer.

MAGISTRATE'S MATINEE.

Christmas Carols at a London Police Court.

For a brief interval yesterday morning Mr. Fordham, the Magistrate at North London Police-court, abandoned the hearing of the customary catalogue of crime and misdemeanour and, adjourning to the courtyard, listened to a quartette of Christmas waits singing "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing."

This unusual, but pleasing incident, had arisen out of the action of an unsentimental constable, who had arrested the waits—three men and a woman—with the idea that they were ordinary street vagrants.

But the singers protested to the magistrate that they were genuine Christmas waits, and had been giving "Onward, Christian Soldiers." The magistrate replied, "Some people very much like to hear carols at this time of year. I will ascertain if you were really singing or only making a noise."

So out into the courtyard passed magistrate and waits, clerk and usher, inspectors and gaolers, and the prosecuting constable; and there the waits, who proudly declared that they could sing in three-part harmony, lustily caroled by the magistrate's order, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing."

The magistrate was convinced, and discharged the singers from custody, with the remark that they must not use the public streets for gain.

MEMORIAL TO SIR WALTER BESANT.

Sir Walter Besant is dead, but his memory survives, and it was only fitting that the London County Council should honour the creator of the People's Palace, the author of the great "Survey"—unfortunately incomplete—and a dozen works connected with the City over which they preside, by some lasting tribute to his services.

It is to the Society of Authors, however, that the citizens of London are mainly indebted for the brass tablet to Sir Walter's memory which Lord Monkswell, Chairman of the L.C.C., unveiled yesterday afternoon in the crypt of St. Paul's.

Whatever Besant was, said Lord Monkswell, he, like Dickens, was pre-eminently a social reformer.

NOT FOR MONEY.

A pretty story is related about the well-known child violinist, Frans von Vecsey. Herr Robert von Mendelssohn, a well-known Berlin banker, is very ill, and offered £100 for the little Frans to play to him in his sick room. Herr von Vecsey replied that his son could not play in private houses for money, but he would be glad for him to do so gratuitously. So Frans went and greatly delighted the sick man by his performance. A few days later the boy received a magnificent Stradivarius worth hundreds of pounds from the grateful banker.

MODERN JACK SHEPHERD'S FAILURE.

While emulating Jack Shepherd's Newgate escapades, a prisoner who attempted to break out of Brixton Gaol yesterday morning did not have the good fortune that the famous highwayman enjoyed. He had reached the top of the prison wall when he saw warders approaching, whereupon he let himself down on the opposite side, but broke both his legs in the fall.

OMNIBUSES V. TRAMS.

In London's congested streets it appears omnibuses are to be preferred to trams. The Town Clerk of Holborn told the Royal Commission yesterday that while on one day the buses passing through his borough carried 11,000 more passengers than the trams, they did not cause nearly so much obstruction.

THE HELPING HAND.

Leading Actresses Generously Assist Poorer Sisters.

It is astonishing how much the more distinguished members of the theatrical profession do for their poorer brothers and sisters. Some interesting facts were given at the meeting of the Theatrical Ladies' Guild at the Haymarket Theatre yesterday, when Miss Carlotta Addison presided in the absence of Miss Farney Brough, who wrote that she was "having a splendid time" in America.

Miss Vane Featherston announced that about £350 had been the result of her last tea-party at Queen's Hall. Miss Featherston denied Miss Irene Vanbrugh's soft impeachment that whilst playing "Mrs. Gorringe" she was sorely tempted to steal the famous necklace as an addition to the Christmas dinner fund, but owned to being an inveterate beggar where the dinners and orphans were concerned.

Miss Haidée Wright mentioned that the little children on tour with the "Fatal Wedding" have a weekly sewing bee.

A Carson House, named after the infatigable honorary secretary to the Guild, is a dream of the future—a home where young girls should have much comfort, and a little mothering, in a profession where care and advice are often needed.

Miss Eva Moore's description of this charity as a sort of female freemasonry fits it well.

The Committee is entirely composed of actresses, and no knowledge of a case relieved ever comes to the ears of an outsider.

Lady Burnard having distributed the "bee" badges and awards of industry, Mrs. Tree declared that the hour had come when "Little Mary" needed her "little lamb." So the subscribers pressed forward to pay their dues, and then the pleasant meeting broke up.

RIVERSIDE FLOODS AGAIN.

For the fifth time this year the lawns and gardens of residences on the banks of the Thames near Hampton Court Bridge are under water, owing to the flooded state of the river. London yesterday afternoon was again deluged with one of those short but torrential downpours which have become a feature of the latter months of the year. It is said that London has so far had less than two hours' sunshine this month.

In some parts of the country yesterday there were hailstorms, and in all districts there was occasional rain. Rather cold and showery weather is indicated for to-day.

NEW PANTOMIME SONG.

Drury Lane pantomime will this year be notable for fiscal songs and cake-walks. Mr. Glover, the well-known musical director, has confessed to trying over 400 cake-walks and 150 fiscal songs, "many of which," he plaintively observes, "have some claim to genuine recognition."

The *bonne bouche* in this year's pantomime, however, will be "Little Mary" dealing with a subject very dear to Dr. J. M. Barrie, of which the first verse is as under:—

Was once so shy and thin,
But "backward" as she did appear,
She'd always "take things in";
But now although beneath his eyes,
And petted p'rhaps unduly,
She's grown an awkward, clumsy size,
And sometimes proves unruly.

The chorus asks:—

"Little Mary," quite contrary,
Why do you treat him so?

DEBRETT'S PEERAGE.

Debrett's Peerage of 1904 is just published. The compilation of this work is no sinecure; as the different families mentioned are provided with proofs for revision, and in many cases not only is wholesale excision demanded, but insertion of many unimportant details as well.

The present volume is thoroughly up-to-date, containing, as it does, notices of such recent deaths as those of Sir John Blundell Maple, Sir Frederick Bramwell, Lord Rowton, Lord William Bentinck, and Lady Barington.

Births as late as December 1 are inserted, as well as marriages, the birthday honours, and, in fact, everything which makes the new Debrett as comprehensive as possible.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

There was a good opening on the Stock Exchange yesterday, so that the see-saw game continues, only the markets did not wait for to-day before taking the downward turn. At the opening there were favourable rumours about the Far East. Later the markets were less sanguine, and close were the quotations on the 100,000 mark below 89 again, and there was very little disposition to buy.

In the Home Railway market they do not seem quite so pessimistic about dividends being bad. Moreover, in some of the gambling counters, which are at the mercy of cliques of speculators in the City, there was quite a deal of activity. An English dealer bid for 20,000 of South African Diamonds in Liverpool.

A good deal of interest centred in the American section. In the afternoon New York was not so pessimistic, so that the close was firm.

Canadian Pacific Debentures do not return to meet the new year, and Canadian Pacific Railways, which were most active in the American market, were not much better.

Speculators are buying Copper shares on the talk of the better prospects for copper itself.

Shipping orders for Berlin were said to be in the Kafir market.

THE LEGAL MAJOR.

Forensic Display by a Party in the Bispham Suit.

One remarkable feature of the Bispham divorce case, in which counsel likened the movements of the two co-respondents to those of "Box and Cox," is that neither Mr. Bispham nor his accused wife has appeared in court.

The famous operatic singer is in America, and Mrs. Bispham has gone away with her children. On the other hand, Major Studdert and Mr. Robert Newton Shaw, the respondents, are both present.

Major Studdert, a tall, slim man, with an extremely refined face, defends his case with the ability of a trained advocate, arousing the admiration even of the lawyers. Mr. Shaw, a broad-shouldered, clean-shaven young man, is represented by counsel.

This is an example of the legal major's cross-examination. A former butler at the Bispham household had said that Major Studdert paid visits twice or three times a month during the spring of 1898.

Major Studdert (indicating a period of two months): How often do you say you would have the house?

The Butler: Twice or three times.

Major Studdert: But you said before only two or three times a month?

The Butler: It was eight or nine times.

Major Studdert: Then you still persist in making twice two or twice three eight or nine?

"My Learned Friend."

Major Studdert was even more successful in technical objections, and once or twice even scored off the veteran Mr. Bargrave Deane, Mr. Bispham's legal champion.

"I don't see the point my learned friend is making," he drawled, after the Judge upheld one of his little points.

On another point he objected to evidence as to what occurred on a certain afternoon.

"The particulars," he pointed out, "specify the forenoon; and any evidence tending to incriminate me in the afternoon is inadmissible."

And Mr. Justice Barnes agreed.

Mr. Hume Williams, K.C., pointed out that Mr. Shaw had come over from the States, leaving his wife and home, to protect his honour.

Mr. Shaw admitted that he had kissed "Kitten," as he called Mrs. Bispham, but had written her a letter of apology afterwards. He denied all the charges.

The case was adjourned.

GOOD AND CHEAP.

Women Start a Restaurant for Working Girls.

For cheapness and quality it has been long thought that the 9d. lunch at the House of Commons could not be beaten, but the Young Women's Christian Association now surpasses the legislators' record with a hot meal for 4d.

At King's Weigh House, Duke-street, 150 girls from the neighbouring business houses take their dinners daily. They sit at long white-clothed tables to discuss a wholesome and appetising meal. At the doorway of the dining-room is a blackboard, on which is written the bill of fare and prices. The girls wait on themselves, and after dinner have access to a rest room, where they can read, write, or rest till the time comes to return to work.

The restaurant does not quite cover its expenses. How can it when Scotch broth is but 2d.; pea soup 1d.; roast beef or roast mutton, 3d. per portion; any sort of pudding—and there are many varieties—1d.; bread, 1d.; tea and coffee, 1d. per cup.

Similar restaurants for working girls are at Welbeck House, Mortimer-street, and Rossie House, Eaton-terrace.

THAMES TUNNEL IN DANGER.

It is feared that the dredging works of the Thames Conservancy in connection with the Port of London improvements will imperil the Thames Tunnel, connecting Wapping with Rotherhithe.

The East London Railway and other companies interested in the tunnel have commenced an action against the Conservators, alleging that the dredging will scrape the river bed so close to the tunnel that it may collapse and inundate a large area.

Mr. Justice Farwell, hearing that the Conservators had come within fifty yards of the tunnel, decided that the application should come before him next Wednesday.

A GRATEFUL MAN'S DONATION.

The first donation from the Transvaal to the Bible Society's Centenary Fund is the sum of 12s. 6d., which has been contributed under unusual circumstances. A prisoner who had been in gaol at Johannesburg for his first offence, on being liberated made his way to the Bible Dépot. The society's agent secured work for him, and at the end of the first week he returned with the 12s. 6d., saved from his wages, as a gift to the society.

VALUABLE WORKS OF ART IN DANGER.

Olanthig Towers, Wye, the historic mansion of Mr. Erel Drax, was the scene yesterday of an alarming fire, which spread rapidly, and the main part of the house was gutted.

Fortunately the noted galleries, which contain many valuable pictures, were saved. Mr. Drax also possesses many other priceless objects of art and virtue, including a malachite vase, which Queen Victoria once wished to purchase.

CHILDREN'S PALACE.

"King Baby" Reigns in a Historic Russian Building.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

St. Petersburg, Friday.

In the Taurida Palace, where Prince Potemkin, the mighty favourite of Catherine II. once held orgies of fabulous splendour, "his Majesty King Baby" has in all his own way just now.

A few days ago the Empress Dowager opened the international exhibition called "The Children's World," and now the stately rooms, which have witnessed such lurid scenes in times past, re-echo to the sound of innocent laughter and the patter of little feet as the children of St. Petersburg crowd eagerly to view the fascinating playthings collected for their amusement and the instruction of their parents.

The dolls are most popular. The primitive wooden doll of great-great-grandma's childhood stands beside the twentieth-century marvel with her Parisian frocks and wonderful jointed body, a work of art almost too elaborate to be played with. Every kind of mechanical doll is to the fore. Dolls which speak, dolls which run and walk, dolls which play chess and draughts, as well as playthings enough to stock a kingdom of toy shops.

England out of it.

For school-hours there are Kindergarten occupations scarcely less fascinating, but there is an idea here that the Kindergarten system has a blighting effect on the delicate fantasy of the natural child.

Of more interest to fond mammas are the nurseries, some fitted with every luxury and elegance, others furnished severely in accordance with the latest principles of hygiene.

The recently started movement "Art in Child Life," which is making such headway in the Fatherland, finds expression in a series of panels painted by famous German artists, which, however, seem to win more admiration from the grown-ups than from the little people for whose benefit they were designed.

More to the taste of the rosy-cheeked Sashas and Olgas are the fairy plays, performed twice a day in a miniature theatre. These are so charmingly got up as to prove serious rivals to the toys and puppets.

It is strange that Russia herself is so poorly represented in the departments both of work and play, and stranger still that England, where child-life is the object of such loving study, does not send a single exhibit.

THE MS. OF "PARADISE LOST."

Next March, unless disposed of privately in the meantime, Messrs. Sotheby will sell by auction the actual "copy" of Milton's "Paradise Lost."

Owing to blindness, the poet was forced to dictate his work, and therefore this MS. is not in his handwriting. There is a tradition to the effect that his daughter acted as amanuensis, but this has been disproved. The actual writer of "Paradise Lost" is unknown, and, probably, never will be known. We hope, however, that this unique MS. will not be allowed to go out of the country. Indeed, patriotism, no less than interest, demands that it should find an honoured place in the British Museum.

Milton parted with the copyright for £5; a second edition procured him another £5; and his widow received a further payment of £8. We hesitate to record the profits of Milton's publishers.

UNRECIPROCATED LOVE.

A Westminster grocer's assistant has committed suicide because he was in love with a girl who did not reciprocate his affection.

The following letter was read at the inquest yesterday:

My Dearest Dad—I hope you and my brothers and my dear sister will try and forgive me for it, and do not let me grieve you. I have walked about London for two days, not knowing what to do. I must put a finish to it. God help the little girl I am leaving behind; I am afraid it will break her heart, but I hope not. I hope she will try and forget such a miserable brute as I am.

PASSENGERS THREE FARTHINGS A POUND.

The Pueblo and Beulah Valley Railroad in California has adopted a system for fares by which passengers are weighed and pay one and a half cents a pound.

To-Day's Arrangements.

General.

The Duchess of Albany opens the new Church Hall, Walton-on-Thames.

The Bishop of London holds a confirmation in St. Paul's Cathedral, 11.30.

Lord Rosebery in Edinburgh.

Annual Dinner of the Savage Club, Hotel Cecil, Sir E. Clarke, K.C., in the chair, 6.30.

The Vegetarian League hold a press bazaar at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street.

British Association of Waterworks Engineers: Meeting, Geological Society, 11.

Theatres.

"Adelphi," "The Earl and the Girl," 2 and 8.

"Apollo," "The Girl from Kay's," 2 and 8.

"Criterion," "Billy's Little Love Affair," 3 and 9.

"Daly's," "A Country Girl," 2 and 8.

"Duke of York's," "Letty," 2 and 8.

"Gaiety," "The Orchid," 2 and 8.

"Garrick," "The Cricket on the Hearth," 2.30 and 8.15.

"Haymarket," "Cousin Kate," 2.30 and 9.

"His Majesty's," "King Richard II.," 2.15 and 8.15.

"Imperial," "Monsieur Beauchair," 2.30 and 8.30.

"Lyric," "The Duchess of Dantzig," 8.

"New Theatre," "David Garrick," 3;

"Mrs. Gove's," "The School Girl," 8.

"Prince of Wales's," "The School Girl," 8.

"Queen's (Small) Hall," "The Folies," 3.15 and 8.30.

"Royalty," "College Crampion," 2.15; "Der Raub der Sabineinnen," 8.15.

"Shaftesbury," "In Dahomey," 2.15 and 8.15.

"St. James's," "The Professor's Love Story," 2.30 and 8.30.

"Strand," "A Chinese Honeycomb," 2.15 and 8.15.

"Strand," "My Lady McRae," 2.30 and 8.15.

"Wyndham's," "Little Mary," 3 and 9.

"Alhambra," "Carmen," doors open 7.45.

"Empire," "Vineyard," doors open 7.45.

"Hippodrome," "Consul" and Varieties, 2 and 8.

"Palace," New Bioscope Pictures, 8.

Matines are on the day of performance indicated by an asterisk.

ENGLAND V. AUSTRALIA.

Colonial Collapse and Recovery in First Test Match.

The first of the five test matches between the M.C.C. team of cricketers and All Australia was commenced at Sydney yesterday. Noble, the Colonial captain, won the toss and chose to bat on a good wicket.

The start was sensational, as first Trumper, then Duff, and then Clem Hill—the three best batsmen in Australia—were out to brilliant catches in the slips and behind the wickets with the total of twelve. Noble and Armstrong, however, retrieved this disastrous beginning. Though the cricket was painfully slow the score gradually mounted, and after Armstrong had left, Hopkins and Gregory helped Noble—who played a magnificent game—to brighten the outlook for Australia.

The play ceased for the day the Colonials had lost seven wickets for 259 runs, and although this total is not a very imposing one on Australian wickets, which are usually of the run-getting variety, it may look rather more formidable when play is resumed today, inasmuch as directly after play ceased last evening there was a heavy thunderstorm, which is almost certain to adversely affect the pitch when the Englishmen go in to bat. Score:

	AUSTRALIA—First Innings.
R. A. Duff, c Liley, b Arnold	3
H. Trumper, b Foster, b Arnold	1
C. Hill, b Liley, b Hirst	5
M. A. Noble, not out	132
Armstrong, b Bosanquet	48
Hopkins, b Hirst	38
Hornell, c Relly, b Arnold	6
Gregory, b Bosanquet	21
Extras	3
Total (for 7 wickets)	239

FLANNELLED FEUDS.

Mr. A. C. McLaren spoke yesterday at a meeting of the Lancashire County Cricket Club on the subject of Australian tours, and hinted that he declined to go out with Mr. Warner because he had had disagreements with the M.C.C.

The team he took out to Australia was not, he complained, completed to his satisfaction. But he did not say that the M.C.C. had interfered. He had never, he added, made any money by going to Australia.

The chairman of the meeting declared that many of Mr. McLaren's remarks had better have been left unsaid.

THE KING'S DELAYED TELEGRAM.

The French officials are clearly without blame in the matter of the telegram that took thirteen days to reach King Edward from Paris, and was despatched on the occasion of the visit of the British Parliamentary delegations last month. The "Temps" says that an inquiry has demonstrated that the message left Paris safely, and that the delay must, therefore, have occurred at the other end.

A "PHILO-HIPPIC" SCHEME.

Pity for over-laden horses has induced two ladies to buy a light motor traction engine, the use of which is free to drivers ascending the hills round Woodstock.

The scheme was mentioned yesterday by Surgeon-Major Poole, at a meeting of the Church Society for the Promotion of Kindness to Animals. Some little difficulty was experienced in finding an engine that could be hitched on in front of horses, but the one now working is quite satisfactory. Last month 270 drivers of carts and vans received assistance up steep hills.

The horses take kindly to the engine, and even welcome its appearance by whinnying.

Major Poole maintains that from an extension of the scheme money might be made.

FORTUNATE ESCAPE FROM MATRIMONY.

The Birmingham stipendiary magistrate yesterday congratulated Miss Caroline Barrett, the youngest of three spinster sisters, on her escape from marriage to a chauffeur, named Barrett, who had, after two days' courtship, suggested she should run away with him with a view to matrimony.

However, Barrett showed his true character by pocketing sixteen shillings, which lay on the table at the girl's home, and making off with it. He is now undergoing six weeks' imprisonment.

TO-DAY'S ARRANGEMENTS.

The following were the results of yesterday's racing at Sandown Park:—

SHORT HOME NEWS.

THE KING AND THE OLD VICTORY.

His Majesty has again shown the deep interest he takes in Nelson's famous old Victory. An official order was promulgated yesterday intimating that by the King's command all men at Portsmouth Naval Barracks are to wear the Victory's name on their caps. Hitherto the men have displayed the name of the Fire Queen, the Port Admiral's yacht.

HISTORIC CASTLE'S FATE.

At His Majesty's Theatre one of the most impressive scenes is where Richard II. appears on the walls of Flint Castle and holds converse with Bolingbroke and his force below. The announcement is now made that this castle, so rich in historic interest, is to be given over to the public as a place of resort and recreation.

LORD ROSEBERY INDISPOSED.

Lord Rosebery, who was to have presented prizes to the First Midlothian Artillery Volunteers at Edinburgh last night, was prevented by a bad cold. His lordship has written to say that his only chance of being able to meet his engagements was to remain a prisoner. With so severe a cold upon him, he added, it would be madness for him to face the night air.

OUR UNAPPROACHABLE DUCKS.

In spite of foreign competition, tariff walls, and other impediments, we are at least holding our own, and more than our own, in the production of prize ducks and turkeys. At the Agricultural Hall show, unapproachable ducks, that to the uninitiated are all but geese, impose upon the non-ornithological visitor, and the turkeys are as weighty and full of meat as the wild emu.

EATING DINNER IS WORK.

During the hour allowed for that purpose a bricklayer was eating his dinner under the lee of a wall of the building upon which he had been working. Part of the wall fell and injured the Master.

The Master of the Rolls in the Appeal Court yesterday held that the mere fact that the man was eating his dinner at the time did not enable it to be maintained that the accident did not happen in the course of his employment.

DUCHESS'S RUNAWAY ESCORT.

The Duchess of Albany and her daughter, Princess Alice, as they were driving along the Portsmouth-road at Surbiton yesterday on the occasion of the unveiling of a memorial statue of Queen Victoria at Kingston, were witnesses of an exciting incident.

The horse ridden by one of the troopers in the Imperial Yeomanry escort suddenly bolted and dashed into some iron railings, the rider just managing to jump off in time to escape harm. The horse again started off, but received serious injuries through colliding with a lamp-post.

TURMOIL IN A SCHOOLROOM.

How can a self-respecting head-mistress expect to maintain order when an irate mother forces her way into the schoolroom and strikes her before the eyes of all the scholars, even knocking the assistant-mistress into the fire-place with a blow before leaving?

Yet these were the incidents which occurred at Long Sutton Board School recently, and at the Petty Sessions yesterday the woman, who so offended, was fined 30s. Her excuse was that her child had been kept late at school.

MR. MORLEY AND MR. SPENCER'S FUNERAL.

Mr. John Morley, M.P., whom Mr. Spencer had wished to speak a few words at the Crematorium, has telegraphed from Palermo that he cannot return in time for the funeral, which has been fixed to take place at Golder's Green on Monday.

The work of the deceased philosopher was eulogised in the Italian Chamber yesterday, Dr. Pinchia remarking that Herbert Spencer was a citizen of the world because his genius was as universal as his science was deep.

Mr. Spencer's autobiography will be published as soon as possible after the funeral.

RACING AT SANDOWN PARK.

The following were the results of yesterday's racing at Sandown Park:—

Race.	Winner.	Rider.	Price.
Selling Chase, (5).	Dermot Asthorpe	Goswell.....	8 to 1
Three-Year Old H.(10)	Louvre	Williamson	3 to 1
Well Star	Regina	4
Grand Annual H.(5)	Cossack Post	M. Hastings	6 to 1
Priory Chase, (10)	Sandy Tree	Piggott	6 to 1
Milburn Hurdle	Kladeradash	Fitzton	8 to 1
To-day	1

To-day the undermentioned horses may be seen racing: Sir St. Michael—Dido?—Know or Adore; Three-Year Old Hurdle—Lady Voter or Libby; Great Sandown Steeplechase—Deercockagh or Glamore; Long Ditton Hurdle—Long Tom or Salvador; Pold Steeplechase—Bell Sound or Frisco II.

LADIES AT HOCKEY.

Sussex beat Middlesex at Richmond yesterday by four goals to one.

The winners played an excellent game, the halves being particularly good, especially Miss Murray. Miss Green did some magic, and the game went on for a long time after Miss Brown, in goal, also saved well. The Middlesex team muddled and passed carelessly.

On the ground of the Lessnes Park Club, at Abbey Woods, Kent, easily beaten Essex by six goals to one. Miss Gibson, at outside left, gave a particularly good display for the winners.

THE PLAGUE OF "FISKILLS."

HOW IT DESTROYS THE
PEACE OF LIFE.

MRS. WIGGINS'S COMPLAINT.

FOR some weeks it has been my fortune to inhabit a humble back bed-room in a dreary region known as Finsbury Park. Its one window looks out on to a singularly unlovely courtyard. During the first fortnight of my stay the mournfulness of the outlook, combined with the settled gloom of the weather, affected my spirits to such a degree that I felt I must commit suicide or leave my abode. I chose the latter alternative, and somewhat tremblingly made my way to the presence of my majestic landlady with the firm intention of giving her a week's notice.

Alas for the weakness of human nature; I returned from that interview chastened and defeated.

"Gloomy! Is it? Bless yer 'eart, miss, it's a gloomy world"—the words were accompanied by a sepulchral sigh from the depths of a capacious bosom. "The sooner you get used to it, the appier yer likely to be while in this vale. Yes, yer none too young ter begin a marstering of that fac'."

This remark, accompanied by a vicious thrust of a heavily-shod foot in the direction of a cradle, was not addressed to me, but to its occupant, whose puckered face crumpled menacingly as he prepared for a feeble wail of protest on being thus roughly aroused from his slumbers.

Objected to the Gloom.

"There's no suitin' some folks," Mrs. Wiggins continued, severely. "You say you don't like noise, and yet, when I put you into me best back bed-room, you hobject to the gloom."

I felt small. She saw her advantage, and continued: "Well, we've all got to live, though 'ow some folks is to do it 'en others is so captious beats me 'oller. It do. There, there, there," and she folded the now howling infant to her breast. "W'y," she went on, "twas only of Friday that I refused a good offer fer that room from a most respectable young man. 'Got a good back bed-room, man?' says 'e."

"I 'ave that," says I. "But you can't 'ave it, for the good reason as there's a young ldy in it."

"That was very nice of you, Mrs. Wiggins!" I remarked, weakly.

"Not nice, miss!" she exclaimed. "I never was one for 'igh speeches an' falutin'. I'm a plain woman, and would sooner 'ave a quiet young woman in my 'ouse than a man any day. I've seen life, and, wot's more, I've weighed man in the balance and mostly found 'im wantin'. I know 'em through and through. There's not one of 'em as can circumvent 'Arry Wiggins. Don't you go thinkin' I 'anker after men! One about this 'ouse is quite tryin' enough!" And she cast a baleful eye in the direction of the front passage, into which Mr. Wiggins, the meekest of men, was making his usual furtive and unobtrusive entry.

"Wot with their dirty boots and their 'ot bacon, and their pipe ashes, and their fiskills, I don't want too many of 'em about this 'ouse."

"Fiskills!" I asked. "What are they, Mrs. Wiggins?"

What "Fiskills" Are.

" Didn't think there was a man or woman, let alone a child, as didn't know what fiskills was," she remarked, scornfully. "It's easy to see you don't keep 'ouse or know much about the world. Wy, there ain't a soul enters this 'ouse by night or day as doesn't talk of fiskills, and Mr. Chamberlain, and the price of bread, which is bound to rise. Wiggins, 'e ain't wot you'd call a man of spirit in ordinary ways, but get 'im onto fiskills and 'e's as fierce as a lion."

"Then he's for protection. So am I!" I hazarded.

"Wait a bit, miss, till you get an 'ome of your own, if so be as you manages to get an 'usband"—and she looked me over with a severe and disapproving eye.

"All right, Mrs. Wiggins! I'll stay with you, at all events, till Christmas. Then, we will see!"

"Wich you wont repent, miss, as I can tell you, who knows this world and the ways of some folks as lets lodgin' different to me. Now I come to think of it," she added, briskly, "it'll be a dead livelier 'our way to-morrow. The Salvation Army's coming into that big 'all just opposite, and I believe the painters is goin' to start work to-morrow. I like painters about the place," she continued. "Nice, cheery fellows, though I doubt but that it will be fiskills with them, too, now, from mornin' to night!"

Mrs. Wiggins was right. In the days that followed I learnt a great deal I had not known before concerning the habits and the politics of the British painter. Nice, cheery fellows, indeed! When not whistling or singing they occasionally did a little work, in the intervals of which they exchanged opinions on things in general.

"Where do we come in, I'd like to know, in all this talk about the coronaries?" said a low, grumbling voice one morning. "Coronaries 'ere, coronaries there! There's too much talk about them. They'll tax our bread and our butter and our meat, all to please the lord,

coronies. No, 'e can't expec' working men to swaller that!"

"Don't you be afraid, ole feller," a cheerful, burly voice sang out from above the speaker. "Joe Chamberlain's got 'is eye on the rights of the working man. Talk of protection. Wy! that's wot 'e's after, protectin' the working man from unfair competition and cheap furrin' labour!"

"Stow that, Bill!" growled the first speaker. "Carn't yer pitch us something a bit livelier?"

"Trust to Joe."

"W'y!" suddenly cried Bill, after a brief interval of industry. "Did ye think Joe was that lot! 'E knows 'is own mind, which is more'n the rest of 'em do. 'E found they hadn't the pluck to come forward with 'im, so, 'e's eaved off and started a shop of 'is own, and that's the shop for me, lads! 'E's a man is Joe; 'e knows wot 'wants and 'e's meant to git it, too!"

"Well," said Charlie, "I'll allow 'e's a man, and, if 'e'll promise us three things, well do our best to 'ave 'im in!"

There was a chorus of "What's that, Charlie?"

"Well, 'e can squeeze all 'e wants out of them furniters, but 'e's not to raise the cost of livin' for the working man! 'Ands off there! I says. Then 'e's to protect labour, and to get us old age pensions. That's 'is chance, and 'e knows it. If 'e promise us that, and 'is word's good enough for me, we'll 'ave 'im in. If 'e don't, we'll go more Radical than ever!"

At that instant a neighbouring clock struck the breakfast hour. There was a stampede from the platform, and in a moment the yard was deserted.

Just then the door opened, and Mrs. Wiggins appeared with a can of hot water. She held her hand to her head, and appeared to be in severe pain.

"Aren't you well, Mrs. Wiggins?" I asked in sympathetic accents. "Have you got your neuralgia again?"

"Tain't the neuralgy, miss," she replied. "Wot with Wiggins inside and painters outside, and fiskills, fiskills from all of 'em, I reely can't bear me life."

Mr. Orr, who won the first tube of radium and the accompanying £50, writes from 7, Cleveland-road, Ealing, to say that he is inclined to lend his tube to the London Skin Hospital, which has approached him direct.

We hope someone else will remember the London Hospital's needs.

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT."

LONDON HOSPITAL'S BENEFICENT WORK HINDERED BY WANT OF RADIUM.

Where are our millionaires?

The hospitals, it seems, are nearly all in want of radium. Patients are waiting to be treated. Radium can be used to heal them. Yet the radium and the patients remain apart.

Mr. Sydney Holland, chairman of the London Hospital, writing to us yesterday, said—

"We are so terribly in want of radium here in our newly-built light department that I venture to ask of those who have obtained your precious gift of radium that they would lend the radium to us during the day and it shall be returned every evening.

"Probably those who have it like to show it in the evening to their friends, and, if so, its precious healing powers are idle all day when they might be helping many poor people back to health and work. Hence my proposal.

"We are treating 100 people a day with the Finsen light, and would be glad if any of your readers care to see the light department to show them over."

Almost by the same post we received a letter from the Secretary to the London Skin Hospital, also making an urgent appeal to prize-winners in our competitions, and adding—

"This hospital, daily treating a crowd of poor sufferers, is in dire need of an adequate supply of radium.

"Through the generosity of a friend of the hospital, a small supply has been presented,

but the number of cases selected and suitable

for treatment by radium is much in excess of

our power to treat them, on account of so

small a quantity being available."

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We hope someone else will remember the

London Hospital's needs.

"DOMESTIC SLAVERY."

MANY PROTESTS AND NO SOLUTION.

As we expected, a number of readers of the *Daily Mirror* have accepted the challenge of "The Man in the House," and have written criticising the views expressed by our correspondent on the domestic servant problem.

Most of our lady correspondents fasten on the accusation that they favour "Domestic Slavery," and indignantly deny that they wish to treat their servants as "beings of an inferior race."

"At the same time," they say—ah! there's the rub!—"at the same time, if your correspondent only knew!" And they begin to measure out complaints by the yard.

"I think I know your correspondent," writes Materfamilias from Thrale-road, Streatham Common, "at least I know one man very like him. He goes to the City every day and thinks, because he gets his breakfast in time and finds his dinner well served, that it must be the easiest thing in the world to rule a cook, housemaid, and two nurses, which is the extent of my household. He wonders why new faces are always appearing. If he knew half the trouble and worry these paragons give me he would not hold such silly views. I am driven to desperation once a week by the incapacity and impudence of the modern servant. I am sure my mother never had half my troubles. If it is all caused by the Board schools, then I am sorry they were ever built."

She Liked the Tone.

Mrs. E. P. Johnson, declares in a long letter that the position of mistress and maid has been changed. "Servants," she writes, "nowadays consider whether the mistress suits them, not whether they are suited to the work they are asked to do. I was foolish enough to answer an advertisement once, with the result that I had a visit from a young woman, dressed in cheap finery, who told me that she had called because 'she liked the tone of my letter!'"

In similar strain writes "E. B. C.," who thinks that the servant problem would be solved if all servants were made by law to wear plain clothes, and not "ape their mistress."

"Not long ago," writes "Amused," "a servant was sent home by a registry office. After the usual interview—I did not, by the way, ask her to sit down—I remarked that I would see my husband about her wages. 'Thank you,' she said, 'if that is the case, I don't think this place will suit me. I like a place where the mistress is the mistress.'"

Several correspondents are quite sure they make more "allowance for human defects" than any man would. "I am glad to get any kind of a servant, provided she is clean and respectful," declares "Often Disappointed." "If they are not, it is so bad for the children."

Our correspondent's remark about the women who would like to use a whip to correct their servants has found at least one responsive echo in an anonymous letter-writer, whose handwriting bespeaks a good education.

Box their Ears.

"I have often boxed a servant's ears," writes this lady, "and regretted that I could not use a whip. That is the way we used to treat our servants in India, and I am sure you cannot find better servants anywhere in the world."

This correspondent does not tell us what happens when she boxes her servants' ears; but it is evident that "The Man in the House" was not far wrong when he said that some women still consider their servants as "domestic chattels." The idea that girls would be more ready to go into service if they were treated as equals meets with the strong disapproval of "One who has tried it," "A. le F.," and another correspondent who writes from Kensington Palace-gardens.

"My housekeeper tells me," writes the last-named correspondent, "that the best servants will only go to houses where the lady of the house treats them as servants, and in no way as confidantes. I think that the distinction should be preserved. Nothing is to be gained by trying to bring all classes to the same level."

Practical writes:

"I find the great difficulty where two servants are kept is the evenings out." 'It must be once a week,' said one cook. 'But what am I to do for dinner?' asked I, feebly. 'Well,' she retorted, 'in my last place the lady managed. I left something the housemaid could 'hot up,' or they dined out. And Sunday nights I want, too.' So two nights a week we must 'manage' with cold dinner, if you please. One other night in the week we must 'manage' to wait on ourselves, as the parlour-maid goes out."

"I do like my servants to have a certain amount of variety and change, but I think it would be healthier for them and more satisfactory if they had afternoons 'out' for air and exercise, and one whole day a month for a real holiday."

GREAT HIDDEN TREASURE STORY.

£18 17s. 9½d. won! MORE RADIUM AND GOLD HIDDEN TO-DAY!

We have pleasure in stating that the address hidden in Wednesday's "Daily Mirror" and repeated on Thursday was discovered by Mr. S. Wontner, whose wire announcing the same was handed in at 4.20. The hidden address was Hohenstaufengasse, 119, Wien 1, Austria, and Mr. S. Wontner therefore receives the precious tube of Radium and £18 17s. 9½d. in cash.

Mr. Golden Phipps got up early yesterday morning and strolled all alone as far as Carter-mill-street. Passers-by jostled against him, little knowing that the seedily-dressed man standing with his hands in his pockets was one of the richest men in the world. He stood on the pavement drinking in the enthusiasm of the scene; his very eyes flamed with the desire to intercept the stream of telegraph boys who were running with messages directed to the office of the journal in whose columns both his money and his Radium were being hidden daily; he wanted to wrench those little brown missives from the pouches of the boys and tear open the envelopes to see what the messages said.

"What a thing it is to be nameless," Mr. Golden Phipps murmured to himself. "There's beauty in it. I can afford to be modest. I am thoroughly enjoying my anonymity. Life doesn't bore me now."

"I'll not give this up till I've cornered all the Radium I can lay my hands on. My money will buy Radium, even though the precious stuff is £70,000 an ounce!"

Whilst the delightful Mr. Golden Phipps was thinking out the foregoing sentiments, the busy commissioner standing just within the portals of the office was allowing his thoughts to wander, too.

"Fancy crank, is this on his job. Ha! Fancy a sensible bloke givin' Radium away, and quids, too, for cartin' it off! Ha! Ha! There's some mugs in this world—an! I reckon I'm one of 'em to stick at this 'ere job when I've the chance of picking up Radium. But, there, the boss, 'e says tu me, 'No one on the staff's allowed to compete.' An' so I ain't competing, except that my eyes is in a state of acute inflammation at seein' these wigs comin' in by the 'undreds."

"It isn't the Radium I care about, for if I got a bit I know I should give it away. What I'm thinkin' about mostly is the quids.

I could do with a tenner every day for about six months. I'd start a paper of my own then. But I wonder who the mug is what's runnin' Radium and £ s. d. through our columns."

"Helloa, there's that bloke standin' out there again. 'E's been out there all the morning. Eh, Mister, cold job standin' there, ain't it?"

"Your Radium keeps me warm," replied the millionaire.

"So I should think. I could do with a bit myself—know! Ha! Must be of 'is nappa, I should think."

"It's a fine diversion for the bored." The man looked puzzled for a moment and then he seemingly got wise; so he just nodded his head and walked indoors.

At dinner that same evening the great man was recounting to Lord Egbert Mountjoy the experiences of the day.

"I thoroughly enjoyed it, Mounty," he was saying, "and I would recommend any man with a few superfluous thousands to spare to spend it—"

"Not in Radium," interrupted the young millionaire, "for it is my impression that we—

WILL BE DEBARDED.

More Hidden Treasure on Monday.

PRINCESS LOUISE AND POOR LADIES.

It was generally expected that the King would return to Sandringham to-day from Elveden on his motor-car, but last night the rumour was circulated that His Majesty would come to town this afternoon for a few days.

* * *

Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, yesterday opened at 31, Sloane-street the Christmas sale of the Ladies' Work Society, of which she is the president. She wore a gown of bright chestnut-brown faced cloth, with collar and vest of leaf-green panne delicately embroidered, and a soft brown hat with shaded feathers, and was accompanied by Lady Sophia Macnamara and Miss Elspeth Campbell.

The Princess when she goes to Sloane-street makes a point of assisting in the sales herself, and after her visit to St. James's Mission she returned to Sloane-street, and sold steadily for the rest of the day. But really



Princess LOUISE, Duchess of Argyll.
(Photograph by Mendelsohn.)

even the persuasion of a royal lady would hardly be required to induce one to buy the beautiful articles which the guild has for sale. All are made by poor ladies, and in exquisite taste. (The Queen's Coronation robes were embroidered by these ladies.) Especially fascinating are the little white satin embroidered cases for Bridge scores and tiny painted vellum books.

The sale will remain open until the end of this month, and orders are earnestly solicited.

* * *

It is over twenty years since the Princess first took an active interest in the Ladies' Work Society, and she has been known to take off her gloves in the workroom and show an intricate stitch to some poor worker, who little knew who it was who took such pains to help her do the work efficiently.

* * *

In the afternoon Princess Louise drove down to open a bazaar for the St. James's Mission, Addison-road, and she was much interested in the drill display by the children from the Mission school, and applauded both the boys and girls, the little bobs made to her by the latter making her smile kindly at the odd little figures.

The Princess takes a great interest in St. James's Mission and District Nursing Home, and often pays them an informal visit; she walks fearlessly through slums that even hardened dwellers in the district look askance at.

Evidence of her popularity was shown in the decorated houses and the cheering crowd which collected to see her arrival and departure.

* * *

Princess Louise is perhaps the least well known to the general public of any of the Royal Princesses, as she has a great objection to being photographed, and an amusing incident is related of the Princess, when she went once to Portsmouth to perform some ceremony on the late Queen's behalf. An enthusiastic crowd awaited her outside the station, and the Princess drove through them without a single cheer, for no one present recognised her as the Queen's daughter.

* * *

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg arrives at Clarence-mont next week to spend Christmas with his mother and sister. He is expected to stay some weeks, and the final arrangements for Princess Alice's wedding will be settled while he is in England.

* * *

Lady Esher, Lady George Pratt, Lady Emily Van de Weyer, Lady Clementina Walsh, Lady Dalton-Fitzgerald, and Lady Savory were among those present yesterday afternoon at the Drawing-room meeting at Schomberg House, convened by Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, on behalf of the League of Mercy.

* * *

A fancy fair in aid of the sick and suffering poor of the diocese of Westminster was opened by Lady Beatrix yesterday at St. George's Hall, Mount-street. All the stalls were very well arranged, and many bazaar novelties were on sale. The Dowager

Duchess of Newcastle had a Church stall, and was assisted by Mrs. Borner. Lady Edmund Talbot had linen for sale made at her own Industries, while Lady Encombe's stall was beautiful with water-colour sketches from her own brush, which found a ready sale. Lady Mary Howard was kept very busy with her dolls and useful articles, and was helped in her labours by her niece, Mrs. James Hope, who had some articles to sell for Lady Herbert of Lea. The musical portion of the entertainment was well rendered, and the refreshment department was presided over by Lady Roper Parkington, who had some pretty girls to help her. The hall was well filled, and amongst those who came to purchase were noticed Lady Hilda Keppele, very smart in scarlet; Miss Beatrice Forbes-Robertson in blue velvet, the Dowager Lady Clifden and Susan Lady Sherborne. The bazaar will be opened to-day by Lady Mary Howard.

* * *

So many people who wished to attend the sale organised by Mrs. F. Eardley-Wilmot on Thursday on behalf of the Temple Memorial Fund were prevented from doing so by the terrible weather that Mrs. Eardley-Wilmot has given up her own house, 110, Cambridge-gardens, Notting Hill, W., next week for an exhibition of the articles which remain unsold. Mrs. and Lieutenant F. Eardley-Wilmot, secretary of the Church of England Temperance Society, will be delighted to show these to their friends. Among the articles are much beautiful needlework, many paintings, Christmas cards, and fancy articles suitable for Christmas presents.

* * *

Lady Agnes Durham, who celebrates her birthday to-day, was only married a few months ago, and has recently returned from Spain, where she and her husband spent their honeymoon. As Lady Agnes Townshend she was always chaperoned by her aunt, Lady St. Lévan. Her only brother, Lord Townshend, succeeded to his title some four years ago, but he has not as yet taken his seat in the House of Lords.

* * *

People are very much on the move just now, and there are a number of arrivals in town for Christmas shopping, while many other people have gone to Paris for the same purpose. Lady Cairns arrived in town yesterday, and is staying at Claridge's Hotel; while Lord and Lady Winchester have been up all the week. Mrs. George Cornwallis West has gone to Paris till the end of next week, when Lady Carnarvon also contemplates a visit; and Lady Sligo and her daughters have left Eaton-square, and will not be back again till the end of January.

* * *

This week there have been several interesting private parties. Mr. Winston Churchill had a big supper party the night of his Great Cumberland-place, when his brother, Mr. Jack Churchill, and his aunt, Mrs. John Leslie, were among those present. Sir Edward and Lady Colebrooke had a dinner of eighteen, and Mrs. Ronalds has also entertained very delightfully in Cadogan-place.

* * *

Several house parties broke up yesterday, and people got to town in time for lunch, Willis's was crammed: Lord and Lady Mar and Kellie, just back from Iverne, were lunching with their host, Lord Wolverton; Lady St. Oswald, dressed in black, with a chin-chilla coat and toque, was with Mrs. Algernon Bourke, who wore dark blue; Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Wilson, the latter in brown velvet, had Mrs. "Lulu" Harcourt, wearing black, and Mr. Burns with them; Captain and Mrs. Cookson were together, and some men were Count Mendorsk, Captain Reginald Ward, and Mr. Shelley Bontein.

* * *

Mr. John Scott Montagu has been entertaining a shooting party this week at his place in Hampshire, among his guests being Mr. Arthur Stanley, one of Lord Derby's sons.

* * *

"History repeats itself," and the criticisms lately made on Prince Adelbert (the Kaiser's son) having ignored his German fellow passengers, while he was most friendly to the British, also bound for China, recalls the fact that his uncle, Prince Henry (brother of the Kaiser), acted similarly when he was in the Far East a few years ago. At Hong Kong and Shanghai the genial sailor Prince singled out the British residents for special notice, and even told some German merchants that it would be well if they studied English business methods, a remark which gave dire offence. By-the-by, Prince Henry, while in China, saw his name entered in an hotel book as "H.R.H. Prince Henry of Germany"; calling for a pen and ink, he observed, with evident displeasure, "That is incorrect, I am a Prussian," and promptly erasing the entry he wrote, "His Imperial Highness Prince Henry of Prussia."

* * *

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, after her provincial tour, put in a few days at her charming little home in Kensington-square, before proceeding to Dresden, where she is now spending a short time with her daughter, and combining business with pleasure, is also taking a review of modern German plays. On her return to London, Mrs. Campbell may—or may not—appear in a translation by Mr. John Davidov of Racine's great play, "Phèdre." Later on

it is probable that she will be seen in a version of "Edipus," and meanwhile it is good news to hear that the most popular of English playwrights of to-day has begun to write a play "round her," as theatrical parlance goes.

* * *

The Queen's Service Club have arranged to move to larger premises near Piccadilly at the end of this month. This club, as the name implies, is intended exclusively for ladies who are nearly related to officers in the Army, Navy, and Militia. Owing to a large increase in its membership, the club finds the accommodation of St. James's Court, Buckingham Gate, insufficient.

* * *

The ball which is to take place on Tuesday next at the Empress Rooms, in aid of the League of Mercy, promises to be a great success. It has the patronage of Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein, the Duchess of Devonshire, the Duchess of Somerset, Lady Granby, Lady Ormonde, Lady Cadogan, Lady Grosvenor, Dora Lady Chesterfield, and many other well-known ladies. The string band of the Scots Guards are giving their services, by kind permission of Colonel Inigo Jones.

* * *

Mrs. Deacon and her second daughter, Miss Audrey Deacon, have gone to Rome for the winter. Mrs. Deacon has, since the terrible tragedy in her life which occurred some years ago in Paris, taken her maiden name of Baldwin.

* * *

As Mrs. Lyulph Stanley, the new Lady Stanley of Alderley is well known in the more serious and cultivated section of London society, and she is, in her way, as accomplished a hostess as is her sister-in-law, Lady Jeune. Though a grandmother—for her eldest daughter married two years ago one of her cousins, Commander Goodenough—Mrs. Lyulph Stanley, as she will, of course, be called till the late peer's funeral is over, is still quite young-looking. She has long taken an active personal interest in the Children's Happy Evenings Association, which does so excellent and valuable a work in London, and in the larger provincial towns, and of which the Princess of Wales has now been for some years the active president. Mrs. Lyulph Stanley, who is a daughter of the venerable Sir Lowthian Bell, is aunt to one of this winter's brides, Miss Mary Bell, who is shortly going to marry the eldest son of Sir George Trevelyan.

* * *

There is no reason, by the way, why Mr. Lyulph Stanley should not now adopt the title of Lord Eddisbury of Winnington, for he has succeeded to that barony as well. It would be rather an advantage if he did, for it would avoid any possible confusion with the other Lord Stanley, the Postmaster-General, who is Lord Derby's heir. The new peer also becomes heir to the Irish barony of Sheffield of Roscommon, now held by the Earl of Shafeld.

* * *

Special Bridge parties are made up at the new Victorian Club on Tuesday evenings, when members invite their guests to dinner before adjourning to the card room.

* * *

On Monday next Mr. J. T. Grein is expected to give the third of his "viva voce" criticisms on some plays of the day to the members and guests of the Sesame Club, and on Wednesday afternoon Mr. Reginald Cripps, who is secretary of the People's Refreshment House Association will speak on "Public House Trusts."

* * *

It seems as though London would be very empty for Christmas, so numerous are the parties arranged to take place at various country houses. Lord and Lady Cadogan will entertain at Culford, and Lord and Lady Londonderry will have a large party at Wynday, which is to last until January 6. Their daughter, Lady Helen Stavordale, and her husband will stay with Lord and Lady Ilchester, who will spend the holidays at Melbury House. Lord and Lady Howe's party at Gopsall is to include Major and Lady Sarah Wilson and Consuelo Duchess of Manchester.

* * *

To-morrow is the birthday of one of Queen Alexandra's bridesmaids, Lady Agnes Montagu, who is a Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Christian. She is an aunt of Lord Hardwicke, and married the only brother of Lord Sandwich, Admiral Victor Montagu. They have one son (who is M.P. for South Huntingdonshire, and a great authority on railway matters), as well as three charming daughters, who are accomplished amateur actresses.

* * *

The committee of the Victoria Club, Victoria-street (which includes the Duchess of Leeds, Julia Lady Tweeddale, and Lady St. Germans), held this week their first meeting for the election of members for 1904, those elected being at once admitted to membership, a privilege much appreciated in view of Christmas shopping. In fact, there is hardly a vacant bedroom just now; and the new chef and recent improvements throughout the house give general satisfaction. The Victoria is one of the smaller clubs which appeal to women desiring refined homelike surroundings, the antique furniture with which it is chiefly furnished being quite a feature, and the committee show considerable discretion in the election of the members.

* * *

Owing to the critical situation in the Far East, an especial interest attaches just now to Viscount Hayashi, the Japanese Minister to England. Speaking English with very little trace of foreign accent, and being well posted in every phase of English life, he has from

his youth been a staunch "Anglophile," and his residence here is by no means regarded as exile; indeed, he prefers England to any other European country in which his lot has been cast, though in Russia he was a personal friend of the Tsar. Viscount Hayashi is fond of study, reads widely, but the only outdoor pastimes he cares much for are sailing and boating, though he is still a good walker.

* * *

Mrs. Montefiore and her son, Sir Francis Montefiore, are entertaining a house party for Gatwick races at Worth Park. Their guests include Lady Adelaide Taylour, Captain and Mrs. Arthur Somerset, Miss Ghita Stanhope, Lord Munster, Captain Vaughan, and Mr. F. Stewart.

Worth Park is one of the most luxurious of country houses, and everything is always beautifully done. In all the guest chambers the writing tables are supplied with everything possible. The stamp boxes are kept filled, and several stamped telegraph forms are also in readiness for the requirements of the guests.

In the servants' hall, too, the utmost comfort and luxury prevails; champagne is often served at the evening meal, and on race days the ladies' maids all go to the races.

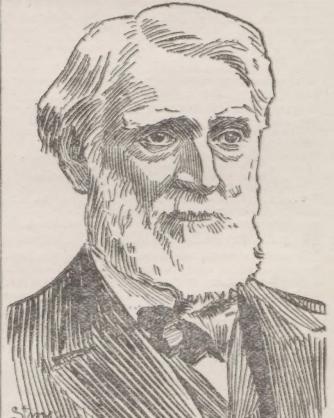
* * *

This week there has passed away at her residence in Kensington Mrs. Bairdsmith, a daughter of De Quincey's. Mrs. Bairdsmith's only sister, Miss De Quincey, still survives. The two sisters have always been devoted to each other and to the memory of their father, who, unlike many great writers, was a most charming companion, and was the one of all others in the home circle to endeavour to draw out the opinions and ideas of others. Mrs. Bairdsmith was for many years active in her interest in the South Kensington Liberal Association, and lent her beautiful house in Lexham Gardens on many occasions for drawing-room meetings.

* * *

Following Thursday evening's concert a delightful entertainment in the form of an ice carnival is to be held, in aid of the Union Jack Club, at the National Skating Palace, on Thursday, February 11. It will be under the patronage of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who have promised to be present.

There will be two entertainments, one from three to seven in the afternoon, the other at ten in the evening, and at both there will be a series of specially arranged skating competitions. The carnival is being organised by a committee, of which Lord Redesdale is chairman, and which includes General Sir Ian Hamilton, General Baden-Powell, Colonel Sir E. W. D. Ward, the Duchess of Bedford, Lady Derby, Lady Howe, Lady Falmouth, Lady Coke, Miss Ethel McCaul,



The Duke of RUTLAND, who celebrates his eighty-fifth birthday to-morrow.
(Photograph by Lafayette.)

and Mrs. Alfred Harnsworth, with Major Arthur Haggard (secretary to the Union Jack Club) as hon. sec. The skating will be arranged by a special committee, of which the Duchess of Bedford is president. Tickets of admission will be 10s. 6d. in the afternoon, and £1 1s. in the evening.

* * *

A dinner will be given at the Trocadero Restaurant next Monday by the Women's Local Government Society for the United Kingdom, at which Lady Strachey has kindly promised to preside.

* * *

At the New Theatre "Alice Through the Looking Glass" is daily in active rehearsal, and in addition to quite an army of children, three very clever comedians—namely, Mr. Lennox Pawle, Mr. Algernon Newark, and Mr. Dallas Welford, will appear in the production, the first performance of which is due on Monday afternoon, the 21st inst. Mr. Newark, too, it is promised, will give his famous imitations. The chief members of the cast of this new version of a fairy play founded on Lewis Carroll's book are:

Alice Miss Maudie Andrews.
The Kitten By Itself.
The Queen Miss Constance Collier.
The Red Queen Miss Rose Temple.
The White King Mr. C. H. Frome.
The Man in White Paper (afterwards the White Knight) Mr. Algernon Newark.
Tweddle-dee (and the White Queen) Mr. Dallas Welford.
Tweddle-dum (afterwards the Sheep, and the Frog who wao-woing go) Mr. Lennox Pawle.
The play will be produced under the direction of Mr. George Grossmith, junior.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. COUSIN KATE. To-day, at 3, and to-night, at 9. Preceded at 2.30, and 4.30 by SHADES OF NIGHT. MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S. MR. TREE. To-day, at 2.15, and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15. (LAST WEEKS) KING RICHARD II. (LAST WEEKS)

Shakespeare's
MATINEE TO-DAY AND SATURDAY NEXT, at 2.15, SPECIAL MATINEES ON MONDAY, TUESDAY, and WEDNESDAY, Dec. 13, 14, 15, at 2.15. HIS MAJESTY'S. Box-office (Mr. G. Turner) ten to ten.—HIS MAJESTY'S.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. MR. WILSON. To-day, at 2.30, and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30. MONSIEUR BEAUCARNE. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.30. Box-office open till 10. IMPERIAL.

SHAFTEBURY. Lessee, Geo. Musgrave. WILLIAMS AND WALKER. IN DABOMBY. The only real cake walk. MATINEE WED. and SAT., 2.15. NIGHTLY, 8.15.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER—AUTUMN TOUR. TO-NIGHT, ALEXANDRA THEATRE, STOKE NEWINGTON. The run of OLD HEIDELBERG will resume at ST. JAMES'S on MONDAY, Jan. 25.

JANE MAYER TELLS FAIRY TALES at Children's parties or Children's Gatherings all kinds ADULT ENTERTAINMENT. Recitation, Short Stories, Palmyrism, Music and Song provided. Terms, etc., 4, Warwick Dene, and West End Agents.

PERSONAL.

SILVER and JEWELS bought for cash.—Catchpole and Williams, 510, Oxford-street, London, W., are prepared to purchase hand-made plate and jewels to any amount. Articles sent from the country receive immediate attention.

VARICOSE EYES. Elastic stockings, 2s. 6d. Thigh stockings, 2s. 6d.—Elastic Hosiery Co., Derby.

SEEGER'S DYE.—All shades; washable; permanent.

Hairdresses everywhere. EARLY retire; early rise; use "Hinde's Curlers"; thus you're wise.

HINDE'S HAIR BIND, 6d. Essential new style coiffure.

LOST AND FOUND.

FIELD GLASSES lost, left in a 1st-class carriage, Waterloo to Exeter, on Friday, the 4th inst. £1 reward.—Apply to Turpin, 32, Dover-street, W.

LOSING A SMALL VICTORIAN terrier, answers name "Willy."—Any person bringing same to 25, Montague-place, Russell-square, will be liberally rewarded.

FOUND in Piccadilly, opera glasses in case.—Apply E., 35, Halkin-road, Wandsworth.

ROUND THE CLOCK WITH A SOCIETY WOMAN. By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE.

PRIME MINISTERS I HAVE KNOWN. By H. W. LUCY ("Toby, M.P.")

THE FIRST OF A STRIKING NEW SERIES OF ROMANCES BY ARTHUR MORRISON, entitled:

"THE GREEN EYE OF GOONA."

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HILL'S PERFECT SKIN NOURISHER insures a lovely complexion and plump, firm flesh. Removes wrinkles, and fills out hollows. No expensive fees. Perfect home treatment. Full instructions with bottle containing sufficient for two months' treatment. RESULTS GUARANTEED. Sent under plain wrapper. Mention this paper, and 3s. 6d. Postal Order will bring you 5s. sample bottle.

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BIRTHS.

ALLEN.—On the 23rd inst., at 9, St. John's-road, Newport, Mon., the wife of Maurice Allen, of a daughter.

DUNCAN.—On Nov. 28, at 10, Grosvenor-grove, London, to Roseline, wife of Lindsay Duncan—a daughter.

JONES.—On Dec. 5, 1903, at 24, Talwin, Mochdre, Newtown, Montgomeryshire, a son.

LINDLEY.—On Dec. 4, at 17, Aleja Ujazdowska, Warsaw, the wife of Joseph Lindley, C.E., of a daughter.

MAY.—On Dec. 5, at 10, Grosvenor-grove, London, to the wife of the Rev. J. St. C. Mayne, of a daughter.

RENDELL.—On the 9th inst., at 43, Albion-street, Hyde Park, W., the wife of Dr. Rendell, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

CLOTHIER-BROWN.—On the 10th inst., at Brompton Oratory, Henry W. Clothier, of H.M. Buckley-Parton, mouth, to Emily Margaret Brown (widow of the late Lt.-Col. George Brown, Indian Army, Malwa Bhil Corps), daughter of Robert Buckley-Parton, of H.M. Buckley-Parton, mouth.

HAYDEN-WOOD.—On Dec. 9, at St. Albans Abbey, by the Very Rev. Dr. the Dean of St. Albans, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Haydon, a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Hayden-Wood.

HOUDSON-MELLISH.—On the 10th inst., at St. Stephen's Church, Lewisham, by the Rev. Canon Brameld, Walter John Mellish, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Mellish, of Deptford, Lewisham-hill, S.E. 13, to Mary Kathleen, daughter of Edward Mellish, of Lewisham-hill, S.E. 13.

SCOTT-GORDON.—On the 10th inst., at St. George's Church, Campbell-dale, by the Rev. John Ernest H. Scott, of the late Mr. and Mrs. H. Scott, of Campbell-dale, to Robert Scott, of Biddulph Dale, Dorking, to Caroline Jane, second daughter of the late Robert Gordon, of 76, Holme-hill, W.

WOODCOCK-IRVING.—On Oct. 21, at Christ Church, Milton, Brinsford, Queenbury, by the Rev. Canon Jones, assisted by the Rev. W. S. Ponsonby, to Charles Francis Woodcock, R.A.A., eldest son of Charles A. Woodcock of Neralia, Brisbane, to Jane Howe (née Irving), daughter of W. Howe Irving, of Kelvin-grove, Brisbane.

DEATHS.

BEATTIE.—On Dec. 9, at Southsea, Alice Louisa, the much-beloved wife of A. A. Beattie, of the Regent's Park-road, London, to whom she was married by Rev. J. A. Griffith-Colpoys, formerly Rector of Duxford, Hants, aged 60 years.

POWELL.—At 1, Abbotts-larch, Farnborough, Hants, Charles Powell, architect, late of the Portland Office, aged 80 years.

KNIGHT-HAND.—On Dec. 7, at Gloucester Vicarage, Cumberland, Margaret Helen, the beloved wife of Rev. Alfred Knight-Hand, aged 80 years.

MODEL.—On Dec. 9, at 26, Rumford-stapse, Munich, Samuel Model, aged 93, dearly-beloved father of Albert and Harry Stewart.

HUN-STEWART.—On the 10th inst., at Ardgowan, Renfrewshire, Sir Michael Robert Shaw-Stewart, of Greenock and Blackhall, seventh Baronet, in his 79th year. General will be at Ardgowan on Tuesday, 15th, at noon.

YOUNG.—On the 3rd inst., at sea, Nancy Adair Sabine, wife of the late Major Sabine-Pasley, R.A., and daughter of the late Major Sabine-Pasley, R.A., and

Mr. Halstead.

NOTICES TO READERS.

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a man's books to look at his statue; but never from looking at his statue to read his books.

IS MISCHIEF A MICROBE?

A certain learned Dr. Still has been saying that mischief in children arises from a "warped sense of morality." This is the "scientific" view. We will meet it scientifically. We will say that such a statement, in the case of Dr. Still, obviously arises from a warped sense of humour. For ourselves we positively refuse to entertain the notion that mischief is morbid. Perversity is the natural temperament of man. We are born with a will of our own. The baby's crow is a shout of freedom. "Shades of the prison-house" close around the growing boy or girl. Sometimes there is a "shade" whose arm is uplifted, holding a flexible and slender wand. We become crushed and wise before we are out of our teens, and dun, dismal, ordinary human beings after that. But at least we can keep our children mischievous and delightful as long as the furniture will stand it. Let us then defy the small voice of Dr. Still! Fancy having a "lengthy medical controversy" over a little girl who "got into the school out of hours and upset all the ink-pots"! We know that little girl. She will grow up into a spirited woman. She has, we may add, a "little curl, which is right in the middle of her forehead."

The Daily Mirror.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1903.

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

Honouring the Dead.

THE SECRET SIN.

The news that the manuscript of MILTON's "Paradise Lost" is to be offered for sale by auction will doubtless cause a thrill of alarm in those patriotic breasts which harbour an extreme veneration for these interesting and valuable relics, and in which the fear that they may be purchased by some American millionaire and taken out of the country amounts to an almost religious dismay.

We have every respect for, and delight in, these fragments of a monumental labour, and can join as heartily as anyone in the wish that they might be collected and preserved in our national archives. But there is such a thing as veneration for the externals of a famous achievement going hand-in-hand with extreme neglect and disregard of the thing itself. And we should like to anticipate the possible outcry that may be raised if this interesting manuscript should leave the country, by asking how far we honour MILTON by such an anxiety, when we omit (as we undoubtedly do nowadays) to read his works? The manuscript of "Paradise Lost" may be a very precious thing; but it would not be half so precious in the eyes of JOHN MILTON as the sixpenny or shilling edition of that work that could find an honoured place in the most modest library.

There is nowadays a passion for what may be called artificial honour, and a melancholy absence of the only real and true honour. We notice, for example, a paragraph in yesterday's papers intimating that no communication had been received from the authorities at Westminster Abbey with regard to the disposal of the late HERBERT SPENCER's ashes. For our part, having the deepest pride in and respect for Mr. SPENCER's magnificent labours, we are very glad that he is not to be interred in Westminster Abbey. Such a course is too often an easy way of forgetting all about the men whom we thus apparently honour in the highest possible way. It is akin to that system by which members of club pay a lump sum for life-membership instead of an annual subscription—a kind of capitalising of our veneration. Just because it is the easiest, however, it is often the cheapest way in which to honour those whose memory we wish to preserve. It is too often puerile and artificial; too often but a relegation of lofty aims, noble energies, splendid achievements, to dust-covered and forgotten aisles.

There is, in fact, only one way in which to pay honour to an author, only one way in which to keep his name and his work alive—and that is to read his books. Monuments and memorials, cabinets and museums, may be very well in their way, but they are the letter and not the spirit of reverence. One might turn from reading

some appalling statistics have recently been quoted with regard to the enormous increase of the drinking habit among women. They are appalling because infinitely greater harm is done by alcoholism among women than among men. The drunken father has not half the influence for evil upon the children that the drunken mother has. Nor, we fear, would even a reform of public-houses have much effect. In most of these cases it is no question of the mere social glass. It is the secret "nipping" of the lonely woman that fills the madhouse and the prison. None the less, it is a lamentable fact that the public opinion which used to exist among Englishwomen in this matter is undoubtedly being gradually lowered. Many a more or less respectable working woman, who would not be seen inside a public-house some years ago, will now spend the evening there, and think it no disgrace. The increase of special women's bars in the better-class public-houses is another point that has been specially noted. Here public opinion has at least some weight, and we feel sure that an appeal to the pride of the women of England would not be made in vain. As regards the other and far more insidious form of the vice, the only thing to be done is to try to make the lot of the lonely woman brighter, happier, more cheerful. There are husbands and brothers who are only too prone to forget how far that duty lies with them.

A WORD FOR THE ACTRESS.

The last two or three days have afforded an excellent little opportunity for putting to the test some of those slanders that are so usually current regarding actresses. We hear from all sides, save from that of the people who know, that an actress cannot, from the nature of her profession, be a really domesticated woman, fond of her home and of its quiet delights and duties. There is a sort of idea abroad that an actress is necessarily a coarse, vulgar, assertive creature. Anyone who holds that opinion should have been at the meeting of the Theatrical Ladies' Guild yesterday at the Haymarket. They would have seen as modest and gentle a bevy of ladies as ever gathered in Exeter Hall. Or they should have been at the exhibition of stage-needlework recently opened by Miss Ellis Jeffreys. There are people who can hardly believe an actress capable of doing needlework! As a matter of fact, there is hardly a ladies' profession where those who succeed do more quiet knitting and embroidery on behalf of their poorer sisters than in that of the stage. The truth is, of course, that the stage is, in one way, like journalism. Both suffer from the reputations of people who have no possible connection with either. If it is a man who is in trouble, he calls himself a journalist; if it is a woman, she calls herself an actress. In actuality one may lay this down as a general rule, that the more really professional and devoted to her art an actress is, the more likely she is to be a charming and courteous lady.

Garden Fancies in Winter.

THE HAMPER WHICH NEVER RETURNS.

NOTES FROM A COUNTRY VILLAGE.

(NE night this week at bed-time it was freezing hard and all the world was a fairy vision. The mist, which had hung about all day, had frozen on the trees. The moon shone till it was as light as day. Spiders' webs were delicate pieces of silver lace, and the trees were like the trees in an enchanted forest—a graceful network of glistening beauty.

The next morning I was wakened by the "volleying rain and tossing breeze." The lanes were rivers of water and mud, and the garden paths a horrid squelching mass. Everything was limp and lifeless—the poor roses worst of all.

Each time the weather improves some of the roses have a brave try at opening. Two or three buds of a "Captain Christy," planted on a west wall, have determined that nothing shall daunt them. They have stood there, fat and pink and valiant for weeks, neither yielding to the frost nor advancing. If we only have a spell of warmer weather they mean to cheat the frost yet.

"Bardon Job" recklessly sends out a crimson flower, which the frost nips at once. "Mrs. John Laing" does her best, and the common Chinas take no notice of the weather at all, but always provide something to gather. Otherwise the garden may be said to lack interest from the decorator's point of view; though the berberis (Holly-leaved Barberry) never fails us, and its leaves are now showing every beautiful shade of red there is to be seen.

Now is the Time.

How grateful, too, we feel now for a fit of laziness in the summer! It was decided that certain big clumps of flags must go. The flowers had been beneath contempt, the leaves had no beauty, and the clumps took up a most absurd amount of valuable space. That quite decided, there was equally pleasant unanimity of opinion that it looked as if it would be a long and heavy job to have the flags up, and "some other day" would do just as well.

"Some other day" has grown to be a by-word with us. It is generally like Alice's "to-morrow." So it has been with the flags, and now are gathering beautiful bunches of brilliant orange-red splendour. The wishy-washy colour of the petals has turned to dull brown seed pods which burst and show the mass of pendent berries, and all the while the leaves keep their quiet green, not browned nor injured by the frost, and here we have a mass of gay colour which atones for all the early days of humdrum.

It has not been a week when the garden wanted much work. The ordinary winter digging could go on, when the ground was not too hard. And on the open days some fruit trees were planted and others moved. A little earlier would have been better for this, but the great secret of gardening is to remember, "Now is the time . . ." not necessarily to plant Messrs. Somebody's lovely gaillardias or peonies or anything else, but to do everything!

Of course, there are proper times and seasons for doing things in gardens. It is not wise to plant roses in June, nor geraniums in December; but never refuse a present of plants from a friend because it is not the right time of year. The chances are ten to one that when the right time comes the friend will forget all about it, and, if you give your plants extra care and take extra trouble, they will very likely pay no attention to not having been planted at the date stated to be correct by all the best authorities.

A Generous Impulse Checked.

The ideal thing to do would be to have a note-book in your pocket always, and when you walk round your garden with the admiring friend, and you are prodigal with generous offers of plants in the autumn when the dividing time comes, take a note of the friend's name and the flowers promised. Then, of course, when the time arrives you will send the right plants to the right friends, and your friends will bless you—and not return your hamper!

That is what you ought to do. The general course of events is—liberal promises in the summer and forgetfulness, deliberate or unintentional, in the autumn. The truth is that it is a very troublesome business to do up plants, pack them so that they shall suffer no harm, put them in a basket or hamper, convey them to a station—possibly miles away—and dispatch them.

Most probably your friend has asked you "just to send a card a day or two before you send them off, so that we may have a place ready for them." That adds a little more trouble, and all the time you know you will never see your hamper or your basket again.

Why have people no consciences about hampers? They are neither cheap nor easy to obtain, and I found that when I had sent all I had in different directions and could not get any back my generous impulses departed, and now my offers are not as numerous. "Pity 'tis 'tis true," for the annual waste of plants in any decent garden is quite enough to stock another.



Tracing a Design for Mosaic Work at the new Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster.

GIRL-WORKERS IN MOSAIC.

HOW WOMEN ARE REVIVING AN OLD ART IN THE NEW CATHEDRAL.

EVERY soon the new Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster, the beautiful Byzantine building to which the contributions of "the faithful" have been given for so many years past, will be ready to throw its doors wide open. Archbishop Bourne is,

methods. From its earliest inception, however, it was the late Mr. Bentley's ideal and immovable purpose that the cathedral should be an example of purely Byzantine work, and that of as early a period as possible. It was also his ideal and his equally immovable purpose that it should be entirely built by British labour.

He foresaw immense difficulties before him in this, both as regarded the carving and the mosaic.

To overcome the carving difficulties he arranged a studio in what has since become the north transept, and here all the Carrara capitals were carved under his own supervision. He was formulating plans also for the formation of a school of mosaic, with a view to carrying out the mosaic decoration in

in fact, expected to hold his first service there before the close of this month.

Those who have lately made their way into the interior of this majestic fané have only been able to get a general idea of its vast and harmonious proportions. But little by little the details of ornament are being filled in by skilled fingers.

Chiefly interesting in the scheme of decoration is the mosaic-work with which two chapels are already nearly covered, and which will eventually spread over the whole of the interior. M

This mosaic-work is full of interest—firstly, to art students simply as such, on account of the rarity in England of any examples of mosaic wrought in the early Byzantine methods, and, secondly, to women art students, since the work is being wrought entirely by highly-trained girl-workers.

At mosaic-work England never really shone. What little she accomplished for herself was chiefly wrought on the decadent modern Italian

methods. From its earliest inception, however, it was the late Mr. Bentley's ideal and immovable purpose that the cathedral should be an example of purely Byzantine work, and that of as early a period as possible. It was also his ideal and his equally immovable purpose that it should be entirely built by British labour.

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the same manner, when his lamentable death prevented the execution of the plan.

It was found, however, that Mr. George Bridge had been working for the resuscitation of the art in England, and to him the work of these first two chapels was entrusted—that of

Here Mr. Bridge has his girl-artists, and thinks a great deal of their skill as mosaics-workers.

A touch of romance is added to it all by his early introduction to his "leading lady," whom he presents to you as "My first pupil,



A Design nearly completed.

the Holy Souls in the north aisle, given by Mrs. Robert Walmisley, and that of St. Gregory and St. Augustine on the south side, given by Lord and Lady Brampton.

now my wife." And it is more than whispered that, unless there had been a "leading lady" to hold the double relationship to him on the one hand and the lesser ladies on the other, the reverend fathers would never have consented to the innovation of girl-workers there at all!

Mr. Bridge is convinced that he is right in definitely giving the craft to women. "Only the experienced man," says he, "has a true eye for the matching and gradations of colour; it is almost universal in women, and they have a more delicate touch than men." A certain art knowledge and training, as vouches for by various South Kensington certificates, are essential.

For the rest, there they work in big pinacles, and very much enjoy it. Each girl is given her bit of wall or roof, and the cartoon whose drawing she is to translate to it. She is also given rondles of glass of the required colour. These are generally round slabs about half an inch in thickness.

Having covered her wall with a thick coating of mastic cement ready to receive the glass, she chips the latter up into tesserae of varied size and shape, and proceeds to draw in her picture by setting these little scraps into the cement, always bringing the chipped surface and never the smooth natural sides of the glass to the front.

The reason of this is, first, the clearer colour of the inner surface; and, secondly, that the unevenly chipped surface absorbs more light and becomes more luminous.

More Modern Methods.

In these processes revived by Mr. Bridge lie many of the secrets of the older masters.

The old master worked chipping his tesserae as he went. The modern craftsman has tiny glass tiles already prepared for him. He counts the squares of each colour on his cartoon. He works in that given number of the tiny square tiles—wonderfully similar in principle to the cross-stitch woolwork on canvas that we used to do for sofa cushions and slippers as the Christmas presents our parents used so patiently to receive from us. I believe they even liked them.

And some even like this mechanical, modern, square-cut mosaic work, but it isn't art!

Further, the old master worked straight into his wall, learning all that the sunlight had to tell him, as it naturally played into his figures and colours, and died out again. The derelict method of modernity is to make wooden frames of convenient size, and work them comfortably in the studio or workshop, one student working in a background, another a robe, and another a face; or, more mechanically still, each working in his own particular colour, and passing on the frame for the next.

Finally the frames, packed in crates, are shipped from sunny Italy to the church that wishes to be so decorated, and the slabs, removed from the frames, are affixed to whatever wall is selected. But the sunlight that told half the old master's story for him has no part nor lot in this matter, neither has poetry.

It is Mr. Bridge's reversion to the old methods that is investing the mosaics of Westminster with so much interest.



Girl Mosaic Workers placing the tiny pieces of glass in position at the new Westminster Cathedral.

Our Bridge Tournament Closes Next Monday.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST BERGHOLT.

To-day we re-print the THIRTEENTH AND LAST COUPON.

Those who have not yet entered for the Tournament should procure copies of the *Daily Mirror* for Nov. 20, 24, 26, 28, Dec. 1, 3, 5, 8, and 10 (which contain the twelve previous coupons), and send in all the thirteen together, *carefully observing the rules which appeared in yesterday's Daily Mirror*. Those who have already sent in Coupons 1 to 12 have now to forward the coupon on this page.

£150 TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

Everybody who can play a game of Bridge can enter for the Tournament. The entrance fee is a mere trifle, and the prospective gain is very large. If you sit down to play a friendly rubber you may hold such bad cards that you necessarily lose, despite all your endeavours. But in the play of our coupons it does not matter whether you win or lose points; if the hand is played simply, straightforwardly, and well, you will win a prize.

THE CASH PRIZES.

The proprietors of the *Daily Mirror* offer, as a free gift, the sum of

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS.

One hundred pounds of this and the whole of the entrance fees received from the competitors (which already amount to upwards of Fifty Pounds) will be divided among those who send in the best set or sets of replies to the complete series of coupons. If two or more competitors tie, the money will be divided equally among them. The remaining

FIFTY POUNDS

will be distributed in consolation prizes among the unsuccessful competitors. Beginners need not be afraid to enter. Many experts will fail through hunting for difficulties which do not exist.

BRIDGE DAY BY DAY.

READ THE RULES.

Many letters continue to reach us, asking questions which can easily be answered by a careful perusal of the rules. Other readers ask us to state "whether their replies are clear or satisfactory." It is evidently unfair to make any comments whatever on the merits of replies until the competition has closed, and the process of adjudication commences; we must, therefore, excuse ourselves from re-

plying to any such queries as those referred to above. We can only repeat what we have written, in effect, many times previously. Follow the rules carefully; and make out your replies as neatly, clearly, and concisely as you can.

FINAL HINTS.

Monday next, December 14, is the last day on which replies from England and Wales will be accepted. Those that reach us later from residents in those parts of the kingdom

will be disqualified. Residents in Scotland, Ireland, Isle of Man, the Channel Islands, and Europe will be allowed sufficient extra time, according to distance, to put them on a level with other competitors.

WHAT IS "CORRECT" PLAY?

The rules have been very explicitly worded, and competitors must use their own discretion as to points upon which they are silent. In reply to "Ormidale" and others, however, we may once more say that if two (or more)

methods of play be equally good, each will be counted as correct. Each solver must make all the players play as correctly and as well as possible, within the limits imposed by such want of knowledge of the cards as would, under ordinary circumstances, confront them.

DOTH PROTEST TOO MUCH!

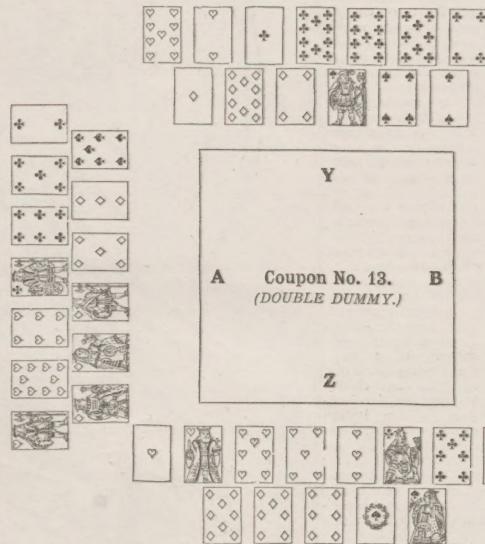
"John Cherry" enters a protest against "Double Dummy" hands being given to be played, but what his grounds can be it is impossible to imagine. He suggests that only "experts" can play such things. Some persons are indeed hard to please. When we ask readers to play a Bridge Deal in the ordinary way, and "not as if all the cards were known," they write and say how difficult this is, because the cards are lying before them face upwards, and they cannot easily put them out of their mind. And when we endeavour, on another occasion, to accommodate their convenience, allowing them to "take full advantage of the known position of every card," a fresh attack is made upon us from a new and unexpected quarter. If our correspondent merely means to point out that our Bridge Tournament is not a guessing competition, we are entirely at one with him. If it were, it would be illegal. But if he means to say that any technical or scientific knowledge—such as characterises the "expert" in any profession—is required to play cards which are all lying face upwards, the statement is so obviously erroneous as to need no refutation. What is needed is just natural intelligence: we should not be in the least surprised to find a keen-witted artisan play one of these positions as cleverly as a Cabinet Minister. To win two or three hundred pounds, it is worth while putting on one's thinking cap for a few minutes.

THE SIMPLEX BRIDGE TOURNAMENT RECORD.

Books of 24 ruled forms, which enormously abridge the task of transcribing the play, may be obtained by sending *Postal Order*, crossed Barclay and Co., for Is. Id. to the Publishers, 2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C. The use of these forms is not obligatory, though they are strongly recommended. When they are used the result of the deal may be stated at foot, in the space provided (instead of at the head), thus: "Score: Y and Z make 8 tricks."

MISCELLANEOUS REPLIES.

Selag.—We find the P.O. was duly received. Yerlash.—Reprints will do perfectly well. V. V.—Only the number of tricks need be stated. Each coupon is independent of the others. Resl.—(1) Your note is quite in order; (2) We believe so. By all means, send them all in. Mrs. C. B. Bent, Irene, Amgo, and Poas Asinorum.—You will not be disqualified.



Score: Love all. Z deals and declares Hearts. A leads ♦ K. The hands of Y and B are then exposed.

Write out in some convenient form what you consider to be the correct play of the above deal at Double Dummy. The object is not to make YZ win tricks, to which they are not fairly entitled, through the mistakes of A and B; but to record the play and the result, on the understanding that each player is to do his best, taking full advantage of the known position of the cards.

State legibly at the head of your reply the total number of tricks won by Y and Z.

Name.....
Address.....

Nom de Guerre
or
Initials

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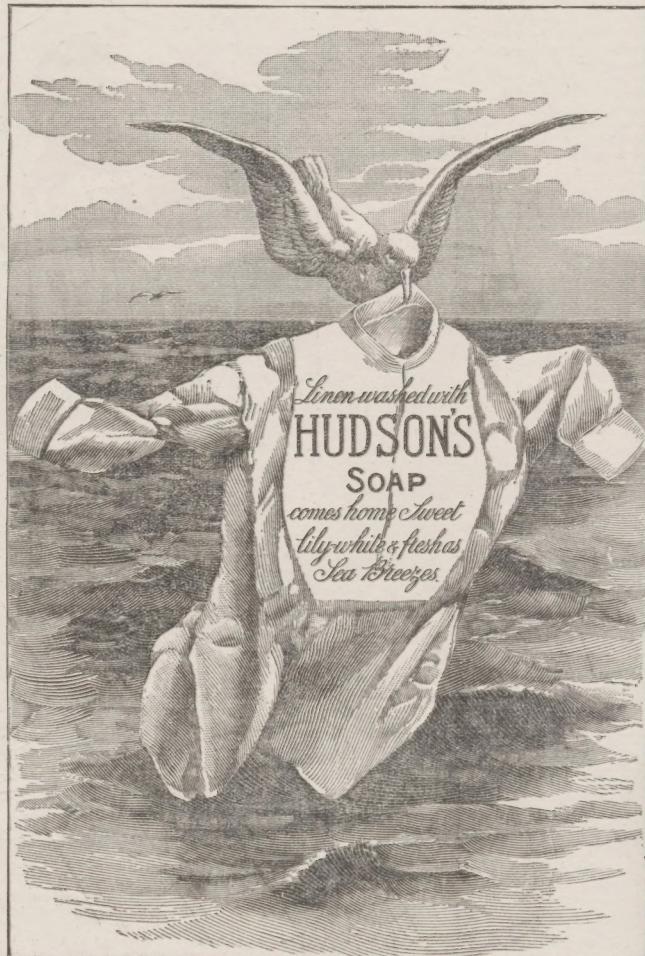
Produces Delicious Custard without Eggs. The unfailing resource of every Successful Hostess when catering for large or small Parties.

NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!

Christmas Festivities.

A Dish of Bird's Custard and Tinned Fruit is always received with delight at Children's Parties.

RICH AND CREAMY, YET
WILL NOT DISAGREE.





Notes from Paris.

THE RAGE FOR RED.

A NEW FASHION FOR EAR-ROSETTES.

ENTIRELY red toilettes are being worn in Paris with audacious results. There was one seen at the Salon d'Automne on Thursday, which is a special day when there is tea and music. It was a marvellously fitted Princess gown of geranium red chiffon velvet—a "Sylphide" gown, I thought at once, in such a subtle way did it follow the lines of the figure. One would vow upon sight that the wearers of these gowns discard the corset, so entirely does the figure lack that artificial effect about waist and hips that is characteristic of most well-dressed women. And the robe Sylphide does, indeed, dispense with the corset, yet in it one is corseted admirably—paradoxical, but true. It is a special boon to stout women, and an undoubted comfort to others, that Mme. Margaine-Lacroix attaches her gown to her corset, or vice-versa, and the result is not only a wondrously sinuous continuity of line from shoulder to knee, but a lessening of the amount of material worn. I know many well-dressed Parisiennes, among them Réjane herself, who wear a silken combination garment, one long petticoat, and then a Sylphide gown. R.

Was this red gown in question one of this genre? I had only to ask, for its wearer proved to be one of my country-women and a friend. Of course it was, and what did I think of her ensemble—high red boots, dark red kid gloves, red silk beaver bicorne trimmed with a plume that shades from geranium pink to blackest cardinal, fine red gauze cage-veil hemmed with red Chantilly, long stole of darkest claret velvet lined with sable? I thought it superlatively elegant, and just within the bounds of good taste.

Long Stringers are Worn to Hats.

An American married to a French Count was in a loge at the Opera the other day wearing one of the new big, black Directoire hats, that have pink ribbon string yards in length, arranged each time in an individual manner. In this case they came from under a rosette at each side of the hat, were crossed under the chin, and carried about the throat to tie in a bow with long ends at the nape of the neck. This rather prim arrangement suits only a very piquant, sparkling face. It is seen to great advantage in the sketch which heads this column. The big hat is of black mousse-line velvet with massive black and white feathers drooping over the brim. The rosettes are in this case of black tulip and the narrow strings of ribbon velvet.

Beautiful Automobile Wraps.

Strom has invented for the automobile such a cosy little reefer made of dainty, thin, quilted silk interlined with eiderdown. It may be worn under a large coat for excessively cold weather, and is lighter than any fur and quite as warm, without being overheating. This tailor, though making quantities of fur and pigskin automobile coats, is trying to do away with the use of furs for this sport. They are so difficult to keep in good condition when used for constant touring, as well as being very heavy. At the meet of the Lebaudy Hunt last Wednesday in the Forest of Fontainebleau there were a couple of automobile wraps of great smartness. One monsieur wore over her habit a great coat of bright red broadcloth with collar and cuffs of leopard skin bound with an old gold galon. It had large square buttons of tortoiseshell, and tawny fox lined the garment. Picture the harmony attained by this colour scheme in conjunction with auburn hair. The wearer's eyeglass, by the way, was stuck on the end of her riding whip, in eighteenth century fashion.

A lady who followed in a trap wore a long-coated tailor gown in brown cloth, and the jacket thrown open to show a waistcoat of

hunter's green suede. Her cravat was of beautiful brown and green brocade with a turnover collar of starched and embroidered linen. On her two-cornered hat of brown beaver was a green parrot's feather, while a tiny black lace veil came on a line with the tip of her nose and was drawn up high over her cheeks, crossing the hat above the ears, her ivory face and scarlet mouth below appearing the more vivid in hue by contrast to the heavy black of this masque.

I have noticed so many elegant women wearing two pieces of fur, one a small cravat of ermine, its ends knotted, or hanging straight down under an embroidered waistcoat, one button of which only is fastened; while drooping about the shoulders there is the stole of sable or moleskin. At the hour of the walk in the Allée des Acacias in the Bois tight little fur jackets are worn, jaguar skin being very bewitching, the edges bound with tarnished greenish-gold lace, and old gold passementerie brandebourgs on the front. These coats are collarless, have small sleeves, and look smart with a tippet of ermine fur and a skirt of tan broadcloth. While, after a hunt in the forest of Compiègne, the Comtesse de Yturbe may be seen wearing over her riding habit an automobile coat of glossy,

WINTER MILLINERY.

CAMELLIAS ARE THE FAVOURITE FLOWER.

CAMELLIAS have come, from over the other side of the water, as a millinery adjunct; and the occasion may be remarked as unusual of a vogue striking a note almost ubiquitous in the two centres at the same time. Is it, I wonder—and the thought is, of a truth, pleasing—yet another incidental expression of the "entente cordiale" between the two countries? But, be the cause what it may, the fact remains that clusters of camellias are unmistakably among the desirable details of the moment. A tricorn of sable-hued chiffon, either gauged or draped as best pleases the fancy, set within a brim of mink, asks no more gracious decorative relief than a cluster of these waxen flowers very delicately tinted.

The Mode for Mink.

Nor is there any chapeau more distinctively happy for the moment than a mink tricorn clumped with camellias, and completed by a brown Chantilly lace veil, hanging full all round in the style graphically described as birdcage. And another infinitely attractive notion is a grey felt chapeau wreathed with pink tipped camellias, and worn with one of these same becoming brown veils. E.

Given anything in the way of a little ingenuity and averagely deft fingers, a wealth of variations can be worked with a good rough

in which this ubiquity was replaced by shaded ribbon ruches in lovely petunia.

Most English women are best suited by something of the picturesquesque order, wherefore the three-cornered is found generally becoming here. And although the black velvet picture-hat has dwindled into obscurity at 3s. 1d., the same thing in mordore brown is quite "the latest," everything depending on the correct shape, and a single plume generally announcing itself as the only trimming. Other hats of large dimensions are of smooth felt, one in electric blue carrying a wreath of shaded blue roses. What an abomination the flower coloured in a manner contrary to Nature used to appear, and how common. Yet



No. 13.—This novel Blouse is of osier green taffetas. The empiecement and stoles are of guipure, edged with brown fur and run through with dark green velvet ribbons.

now it is considered one of the most recherche novelties. Perhaps because we are half suspicious that it may after all be an imitation of some living product of latter-day horticulture. Yet we sincerely trust that our gardens, as well as our hats, will not bloom with blue roses!

With best apologies for the pun, we are certainly being given the blues in millinery just at present, and grapes of this colour with softest tinted leaves look quite well on a hat to match.

NO. 13.—A VERY SMART BLOUSE.



A charming Walking Costume that shows the new flounced sleeves.

A curious dull green which generally goes by the name of osier is a good deal worn again, and is the shade chosen in which to express our very smart little model. O. This model would make the corsage to a skirt of green cloth, that would have a coat to correspond for outdoor wear; by which arrangement one obtains practically two costumes—one for outdoor, the other for house wear—at the price of one.

Louisine would be the most durable and suitable make of silk, and it is used for the folded bodice and the very graceful cape-shaped sleeves which are bordered with a finger-width of brown fur. The empiecement and the decorative stole effect of the fronts are carried out in guipure, also edged with the fur. They have a running of velvet ribbons in a darker shade of green, which finish in loops and ends, the latter terminated by little ribbon-covered balls that give a very chic touch. Green chiffon forms the tucked vest; and the sleeves, that are finished at the wrist in a serviceable manner by a band of fur, are of the same.

The silk could, of course, be used entirely, in which case five yards would be required, but chiffon is very durable and so charmingly soft in effect.

Quantity of silk required for this model, 4 yards, chiffon 1½ yards, lace 1 yard, ribbon velvet 6 yards.

Flat pattern, 6d.; tacked up, including flat, 1s. 6d. YOU

"DAILY MIRROR" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT.

Any numbered designs on this page can be obtained at the Paper Pattern Department, "Daily Mirror" Offices, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C. All applications to include the number and the price of the pattern or patterns. The patterns will be cut, in the case of adults, in the medium size only. When the patterns are for children, the age of the child will always be stated. All amounts of 6d., or over, should be sent by means of postal order. Foreign Stamps cannot be accepted in payment for patterns. In every case ordered patterns are dispatched at the earliest possible moment.



Double Harness

By
Anthony Hope.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

TOM COURTLAND: A man unhappily married.
GRANTLEY IMASON: A young man in love.
SIBYLLA CHIDDINGFOLD: Grantley Imason's fiancée.
JEREMY CHIDDINGFOLD: Sibylla's brother; a hater of matrimony.
MUMPLES: A nurse—housekeeper—companion.

CHAPTER V. (continued).

AND at any rate Grantley was still Sibylla's lover, as fully, as ardently as ever. Deep in those fastnesses of his nature were his loves for her, and his pride in her and in having her for his own. The two things grew side by side, their roots intertwined. Every glance of admiration she won, every murmur of approval she created gave him joy and seemed to give him tribute. He eagerly gathered in the envy of the world as food for his own exultation; he laughed in pleasure when Christine Fanshaw told him to look and see how Walter Blake adored Sibylla.

"Of course he does—he's a sensible young fellow," said Grantley gaily. "So am I, Christine, and I adore her too."

"The captive of your bow and spear!" Christine sneered delicately.

"Of my personal attractions, please! Don't say of my money-bags!"

"She's like a very laudatory testimonial." "I just wonder how John Fanshaw entices you."

He answered her with jests, never thinking to deny what she said. He did delight in his wife's triumphs. Was there anything unamiable in that? If close union were the thing, was not that close? Her triumphs made his—what could be closer than that? At this time any criticism on him was genuinely unintelligible; he could make nothing of it, and reckoned it as of no account. And Sibylla herself, as he had said, he could always soothe. *ON*

"And she's going on quite all right?" Christine continued.

"Splendidly! We've got her quietly fixed down at Milldean, with her favourite old woman to look after her. There she'll stay. I run up to town two or three times a week—do my business—"

"Call on me?"

"I ventured so far—and get back as soon as I can."

"You must be very pleased?"

"Of course I'm pleased," he laughed—"very pleased indeed, Christine."

He was very much pleased, and laughed at himself, as he had laughed at others, for being a little proud, too. He had wanted the dynasty carried on. There was every prospect of a start being made in that direction very prosperously. He would have hated to have it otherwise; there would have been a sense of failure then.

"I needn't tell a wise woman like you that there's some trouble about such things," he went on.

"No doubt there is," smiled Christine; "but you can leave most of that to Sibylla and the favourite old woman," she added a moment later, with her eyes on Grantley's contented face, and that touch of acidity in her clear-toned voice.

Between being pleased—even very much pleased indeed—and a little proud over a thing (notwithstanding the trouble there is about it), and looking on it as one of the greatest things that Heaven itself ever did, there is a wide gulf, if not exactly of opinion, yet of feeling and attitude. From the first moment Sibylla had known of it, the coming of the child was the great thing, the overshadowing thing, in life. Nature was in this, and Nature at her highest power; more was not needed. Yet there was more to make the full cup brim over. Her great talent, her strongest innate impulse, was to give—to give herself and all she had; and this talent and impulse her husband had not satisfied. He was immured in his fastness; he seemed to

want only what she counted small tributes and minor sacrifices—what had appeared large once, no doubt, had now looked small because they fell short of the largest that were possible. The great satisfaction, the great outlet, lay in the coming of the child. In pouring out her love on the head of the child she would at the same time pour it out at the feet of him whose the child was. Before such splendid lavishness he must at last stand disarmed, he must throw open all his secret treasure-house. His riches of love—of more than lover's love—must come forth, too, and mingle in the same golden stream with hers, all separation being swept away. Here was the true realisation, foreshadowed by the fairy ride in the early days of their love; here was the true riding into the gold and letting the gold swallow them up. In this all disappointments should vanish, all nipped hopes come to bloom again. For it her heart cried impatiently, but chid itself for its impatience. Had not Mrs. Mumple waited years in solitude and silence outside the prison-gates? Could not she wait a little, too?

It need hardly be said that in such a position of affairs as had been reached Mrs. Mumple was much to the fore. Her presence was indispensable, and valued as such, but it had some disadvantages. She shared Sibylla's views and Sibylla's temperament; but naturally she did not possess the charm of youth, of beauty, and of circumstances which served so well to soften or to recommend them. The sort of atmosphere which Mrs. Mumple carried with her was one which should be diffused sparingly and with great caution about a man at once so self-centred and so fastidious as Grantley Imason. Mrs. Mumple was lavishly affectionate; she was also pervasive, and finally a trifle inclined to be tearful on entirely inadequate provocation—or, as it appeared to any masculine mind, on none at all, since the tendency assailed her most when everything seemed to be going on remarkably well. Her physical bulk, too, was a matter which she should have considered; and yet perhaps she could hardly be expected to think of that.

Of course, Jeremy Chiddingsfold, neither lover nor father, and with his youthful anti-feminism still held and prized, put the case a thousand times too high, exaggerating all one side, utterly ignoring all the other, of what Grantley might be feeling. None the less, there was some basis of truth in his exclamation:—

"If they go on like this, Grantley'll be sick to death of the whole thing before it's half over!"

And Jeremy had come to read his brother-in-law pretty well—to know his self-centredness, to know his fastidiousness, to know how easily he might be "put off" (as Jeremy phrased it) by an intrusion too frequent and importunate, or a sentiment extravagant in any degree or the least overstrained. Too high a pressure might well result in such a reaction as would breed the reflection that the matter in hand was, after all, decidedly normal.

But altogether normal it was not destined to remain. Minded, as it might seem, to point the situation and to force latent antagonism of feeling to an open conflict, Mistress Chance took a hand in the game. On arriving at the Fairhaven Station from one of his expeditions to town, Grantley found Jeremy awaiting him. Jeremy was pale, but his manner kept its incisiveness, his speech its lucidity. Sibylla had met with an accident. She had still been taking quiet rides on a trusty old horse. To day, contrary to his advice and in face of Grantley's, she had insisted on riding another—the young horse, as they called it.

"She was in one of her moods," Jeremy explained. "She said she wanted more of a fight than the old horse gave her. She would go. Well, you know that great beast of a dog of Jarman's? It was running loose—I saw it myself; indeed, I saw the whole thing. She was trotting along, thinking of nothing at all, I suppose. The dog started a rabbit, and came by her with a bound. The horse started, jumped high off his own height—or it looked like it, and she—came off, you know, pitched clean out of her saddle."

"Clear of the—?"

"Yes, thank God—but she came down with an awful—an awful thud! I ran up as quick

as I could. She was unconscious. A couple of labourers helped me to take her home, and I got Mumple; and on my way here I stopped at Gardiner's and sent him there, and came on to tell you."

By now they were getting into the dog-cart.

"Do you know at all how bad it is?" asked Grantley.

"Not the least. How should I?"

"Well, we must get home as quick as we can."

Grantley did not speak again the whole way. His mind had been full of plans that morning. His position as a man of land at Milldean was opening new prospects to him. He had agreed to come forward for election as a county alderman; he had been sounded as to contesting the seat for the Division. He had been very full of these notions, and had meant to spend two or three quiet days in reviewing and considering them. This sudden shock was hard to face and realise. It was difficult, too, to conceive of anything being wrong with Sibylla—always so fine an embodiment of physical health and vigour. He felt very helpless, and in terrible distress; it turned him sick to think of the "awful thud" that Jeremy described. What would that mean? What was the least it might, the most it could, mean?

"You don't blame me?" Jeremy asked as they came near home.

"You advised her not to ride the beast; what more could you do? You couldn't stop her by force." *IN*

He spoke rather bitterly, as though sorrow and fear had not banished anger when he thought of his wife and her wilfulness.

Jeremy turned aside into the garden, beginning to have news as soon as there was any. Grantley went into his study, and Mrs. Mumple came to him there. She was pitifully undone and dishevelled. It was impossible not to respect her grief, but no less impossible to get much clear information from her. Lamentations alternated with attempted excuses for Sibylla's obstinacy; she tried to make out that she herself was in some way to blame for having brought on the mood which had in its turn produced the obstinacy. Grantley, striving after outward calm, raged in his heart against the fond, foolish old woman.

"I want to know what's happened, not whose fault it'll be held to be at the Day of Judgment, Mrs. Mumple. Since you're incapable of telling me anything, have the goodness to send Dr. Gardiner to me as soon as he can leave Sibylla."

Very soon, yet only just in time to stop Grantley from going upstairs himself, Gardiner came. He was an elderly, quiet-going country practitioner; he lived in one of the red villas at the junction with the main road, and plied a not very lucrative practice among the farmhouses and cottages. His knowledge was neither profound nor recent; he had not kept up his reading, and his practical opportunities had been very few. He seemed, when he came, a good deal upset, and decidedly nervous, as though he were faced with a sudden responsibility by no means to his liking. He kept wiping his brow with a three-threaded red silk handkerchief and pulling his straggling grey whiskers while he talked. In a second Grantley had decided that no confidence could be placed in him. Still, he must be able to tell what was the matter, anyhow.

"Quickly and plainly, please, Dr. Gardiner," he requested, noting with impatience that Mrs. Mumple had come back and stood there listening; but she would cry and think him a monster if he sent her away.

"She's conscious now," the doctor reported, "but she's very prostrate—suffering from severe shock. I think you shouldn't see her for a little while."

"What's the injury, Dr. Gardiner?"

"The shock is severe."

"Will it kill her?"

"No, no! The shock kill her? Oh, no, no! She has a splendid constitution. Kill her? Oh, no, no!"

"And is that all?"

"No, not quite all, Mr. Imason. There is—er—in fact, a lesion, a local injury, a fracture, due to the force of the impact on the ground."

To be continued. D

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HOSTESSES who are in search of novelties with which to entertain their guests at winter teas should try the following games:

"If I Were A King."

Monarch teas are within the capacity of all. The guests are provided with cards and pencils, the former printed with a heading "If I were King" or "If I were Queen," for men and girls respectively. Beneath the heading each guest writes, in not more than a hundred words, an indication of how he or she would act in the event of being reigning Sovereign. This gives plenty of scope for the exercise of original ideas, humorous or serious, dealing with a thousand and one problems.

After a short interval a bell is rung, the cards are thrown into a basket, after having been signed with a pseudonym, and a reader is appointed to shake them up and read each one in turn. As each is read aloud it is applauded or received in silence, according to its merits, and a final note is taken as to which is deserving of the prize or prizes, which may be bestowed for the most original policy, the most philanthropic idea, the most patriotic sentiment, and so on.

Political and Personal.

Cabinet teas should be popular with the politically inclined. Each guest is requested to fill up the blanks on a card in order to form a Cabinet. The lists are signed with a pseudonym, placed in a basket or tray, and read aloud, being voted for in the usual way in order to decide as to the award of prizes.

Scope for original ideas and a source of much amusement are confession teas. Answers to a series of questions are filled in on each card by each guest, as were the confession albums of old times, but it is imperative that humour and originality should characterise the replies, to which end the questions should deal with topical events, celebrities of the day, notable books or plays, and so forth. The best collection of answers is awarded the prize.

No Chestnuts, Please.

Garden teas attract the great number of people who are interested in gardening. Each guest is required to describe in a given number of words her ideal garden. Marks are awarded for the merits of the garden and for the writer's style of description, and two prizes are awarded. If preferred, the descriptions may be orally given, though this is often too great a tax on the powers of those who can write well, but cannot do themselves justice as speakers.

Anecdote teas promote a lively gathering, each guest being expected to come prepared to relate a good story, original or otherwise. All "chestnuts" must most rigorously be excluded. The tea may be classified, if preferred, as "general anecdotes," "dramatic and musical anecdotes," "naval and military," and so on. Votes are taken later, in the accus-

tomed way, and prizes are awarded accordingly.

Invention teas deal with the latest problems. Each guest is required to invent and note on a given card replies to a list of wants thereon printed. For instance, among the items in the "Wanted" column are the following:—An up-to-date title for a new play; a substitute for Bridge; a recipe to ensure social success; an easy method of paying debts; a new pet name for a dog; a way of keeping bores at a distance; a good excuse for having "cut" the wrong person. The wants and supplies are read aloud, and prizes awarded to the card securing the highest number of points.

Cookery teas are not so formidable as the name implies. Each guest brings a recipe and, where possible, a small sample of the article itself, extra marks being awarded (or a special prize) for the latter. Good original recipes score high, and men stand an equal chance with women, for all the recipes are considered on their merits. Women travellers often prove to be prize-winners, as they frequently meet with novel and appetising dishes during their wanderings, and take pains to procure the recipes. The hostess may claim the right of appropriating all the recipes contributed, and may invite the guests to a second tea at a later date, when they will be enabled to taste the dishes evolved therefrom by skilled hands.

PRIZE RECIPE AWARD.

We award the prize of £1 1s. this week for the best recipe to *ION*

Miss POWELL,
The Bridge, Bridgend,
Glamorganshire,

for a delicious Glamorganshire dainty.

WELSH CREAM CAKE.

One pound flour, 1 lb. fresh butter, 1 lb. currants (washed and dried), 1 lb. sugar, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, 1 teaspoonful salt, a little nutmeg, 2 to 1 pint thick cream. Mix the flour, baking powder, and salt in a bowl; rub in the butter, add the currants, sugar, and nutmeg, and mix to a stiff consistency with the cream. Shape into a Dutch oven before a clear fire till a rich brown; then turn and bake more slowly on the other side until thoroughly cooked. Cut squares and serve hot. If preference may be admitted, and a little black currant jelly served on each square. The cake is lighter if the cream is slightly sour. Sufficient for sixteen squares costs 1s. in country, but may be rather more in town, according to price of cream.

Memoranda for Housekeepers.

The daily time-saver for housekeepers is intended to assist in the morning task of ordering the supplies for the day. Careful study of it will show that it has been so designed as to meet the requirements of those directing establishments conducted on a moderate scale of expense, as well as those on a grand scale.

The choice of dishes will be changed every day, and ménus of any length can be easily drawn up from it. They will be specially devised to suit the needs of large and small families.

The lists were corrected at the various London markets on Friday evening.

THE DISH OF THE DAY.

NO. 36.—POUDING SANS-SOUCI.

By Mr. ANTOINE MOISY, Chef Kensington Palace Mansions Restaurant.

Ingredients:—Four ounces butter, four ounces sugar, nine whites of eggs, nine yolks of eggs, 4 ounces peeled apples, three ounces cornflower.

Cream the butter and sugar in a basin adding gradually the yolks of eggs. Put it on the fire and stir vigorously with a wooden spoon till the cream will cover the spoon lightly.

Beat the whites of eggs to a stiff froth, and add small squares of peeled apples, which have been moistened in butter. Mix all gradually with the whites of eggs, the cornflower, and the apples.

Butter a timbale or plain Charlotte mould, sprinkle it with currants, and pour in the mixture.

Steam for one and a half hours, unmould, and serve with a nice châudeau sauce.

Recipe for the châudeau sauce:—

Three ounces of loaf sugar, the rind of a lemon finely grated, two eggs, one yolk of egg, half a pint of white wine. Put all the above ingredients in a stew-pan, set them on the fire, and continue whisking until they thicken and are at boiling-point. Then take from the fire and serve directly, or the froth will sink.

PROVISIONS IN SEASON.

Meat.
Dairy-fed Pork. Veal. Pork. Mutton.
Fish.
Herrings. Haddock. Eels. Soles.
Whiting. Plaice. Canadian Salmon.
Mackerel. Mullet.
Whitebait. Scallops. Oysters. Crabs.
Poultry and Game.
Chickens. Ducks. Geese. Pigeons.
Turkeys. Pheasants. Quails.
Wild Duck. Partridges. Rabbits. Teal.
Vegetables.
French Asparagus. Artichokes. Celery.
French Beans. Sealake. Turnips.
Lettuces. Carrots. Spinach. Batavia.
Cardoons. Salads of various kinds.

FRUIT IN SEASON.

Custard Apples. Grapes. Fruit. Apples.
Pears. Grapes.
Oranges of various kinds. Plums.
Cranberries. Figs. Pineapples. Melons. Mangoes.

FLOWERS IN SEASON.

Blossoms for the Table.
White Hyacinths. Smilax.
Chrysanthemums of various colours.
Scarlet Ranunculus. Asparagus Fern.
Lilies of the Valley. Roses.
Cut Flowers and Flowers in Pots.
Pelargoniums. Freesias. Orange Trees.
Cyclamen. Chrysanthemums.
Ferns of various kinds.

SIMPLE DISHES.

The prices of the ingredients are quoted as from the West End Shops.

NO. 128.—SALMON AND RICE CUTLETS.

INGREDIENTS:—Quarter of a pound of rice, half a pound of salmon, two ounces of butter, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, salt and pepper, a little milk or fish stock, one or two eggs, breadcrumbs, frying fat.

Wash the rice and cook it in plenty of fast-boiling salted water until it is soft. Chop up the salmon (you can use fresh or tinned), parsley and onion, mix these ingredients with the rice after we have drained it. Add pepper and salt to taste, and lastly a little stock or milk. Spread this mixture evenly on a plate to cool, then shape it into neat little cutlets; brush them over with beaten egg, then dip them in breadcrumbs, and fry in plenty of boiling fat till a pretty golden brown. Put a small piece of macaroni into the end of each cutlet to represent the bone.

Cost 1s. 3d. for eight portions.

NO. 129.—RABBIT CREAM.

INGREDIENTS:—Half a pound of the raw flesh of a rabbit, two raw eggs and one yolk, one and a half ounces of butter, one gill of cream, two table-spoonfuls of chopped tongue or ham.

Pound the rabbit in a mortar, then add one egg and the extra yolk. Pound it well again. Now put in the butter, a small bit at the time. Pound it again and well season it. Take it out of the mortar and rub it through a fine wire or hair sieve. Beat up an egg stiffly, and slightly whip the cream; then add both very lightly to the rabbit. Have ready a well-buttered mould, sprinkle it over with the tongue or ham, put in the mixture and smooth it over with a knife that has been dipped in warm water. Place the mould in a pan with a little water, and allow it to cook slowly for about half an hour in the oven. When done turn the cream out and garnish it with any nice green vegetable, such as peas or asparagus points.

Cost 1s. 9d. for six portions.

NO. 130.—CROQUETTES OF TURKEY.

INGREDIENTS:—Half a pound of cooked turkey, three ounces of cooked ham, tongue, or bacon, two teaspoonfuls of chopped parsley, one chopped shallot, salt and pepper, a little thick sauce or gravy, yolks of two eggs, breadcrumbs, one whole egg, and fat for frying.

Mix well the chopped turkey, ham, shallot and parsley and half a pint of the sauce. Add the yolks of the two eggs and heat the mixture in a saucier. Do not let it boil. Season carefully. Turn on to a plate to cool. Divide into even divisions and shape into round balls. Beat up the egg, brush the croquettes over with it, then cover with crumbs. Fry in plenty of fat, so hot that a faint smoke is rising from it. Drain on paper. Serve piled up on a hot dish on a lace paper. Garnish with fried parsley. Any game or poultry can be used for these, and the addition of chopped truffle or mushroom is an improvement.

Cost 1s. 6d. for ten croquettes.

NO. 131.—PEACH CREAM.

INGREDIENTS:—Half a pint of cream, half a pint of peach puree, two ounces of castor sugar, one ounce of sheet gelatine, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, cochineal.

Rinse a mould out with cold water, and decorate it prettily with clear sweet jelly, pistachio nuts and a few of the best pieces of peaches cut to a convenient size. Make the peach puree by rubbing half or more of a tin of peaches through a hair or fine wire sieve. Melt the gelatine in about one gill of the peach syrup; failing that, water. It must be put into a clean saucier and stirred carefully all the time. Add the sugar and lemon juice. Whip the cream carefully. Strain the gelatine into the puree. Then well, but lightly, mix in the cream. Colour it a very faint pink with a drop or two of cochineal. Pour it into a mould and set it on ice till it is cold. To turn it out, dip the mould into warm water, and shake it gently, then turn the cream on to a dish.

Cost 2s. 6d. for eight portions.

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Recipes of all the dishes marked on this
list with asterisks are given on this page.

Small Advertisements on this and the next two pages can be inserted at the rate of 12 words for 1s., Id. per word afterwards.

THE "DAILY MIRROR" DOMESTIC BUREAU.

HOW TO OBTAIN OUR DOMESTIC SERVANTS.

Owing to the large number of inquiries for servants, the *Daily Mirror* Domestic Bureau (45 and 46, New Bond-street, London, W.) will (so far as employers are concerned), only be available in future to proved regular purchasers of this paper, whose names will be registered on the books of the Bureau. A reader who wishes to obtain a servant through the Bureau should fill in and sign the following form and post it, when her or his name will be placed on the permanent register so long as she or he is a regular purchaser.

The form must be received at the Bureau three days before a reader can avail herself or himself of the Bureau.

A fee of five shillings will be charged whenever an employer is suited with a servant—payable only when a servant has been in a situation over a month without receiving or giving notice.

No guarantee is given that a servant will accept a place offered to her (or him), and the management reserve the right to refuse to register the name of any employer.

To the Manageress,
"Daily Mirror" Domestic Bureau,
45 & 46, New Bond-street, London, W.
I purchase the "Daily Mirror" daily from [Here the full name and address of the agent who supplies the paper should be inserted]

I require a [Here state what servant is required] and, in the event of being "suited," I agree to pay 5s. to the Bureau.

Signature of Reader
[Name, Title, and full postal address of reader, as they should appear on an envelope for post should be CLEARLY written below.]

The advantages of the Bureau to Employers and Servants.

(1) The Bureau takes up and verifies servants' references. (While every care is taken, obviously no absolute guarantee can be given.) The Employer is thus relieved of the worry and trouble of investigating references.

(2) No servant whose references are not thoroughly satisfactory will be entered on the Bureau's register.

(3) NO FEE OF ANY SORT IS REQUIRED OF SERVANTS.

(4) Readers may make appointments to interview servants at the Bureau.

Servants should note that:

(1) No fee or charge of any kind whatever has to be paid by a servant.

(2) A servant, whose references are satisfactory, will receive, when her name is placed on the Bureau's register, a hand-some little gift.

(3) The fact that a servant is on the Bureau's register is of itself evidence that her (or his) references are satisfactory, as no servant with unsatisfactory references is admitted thereto or allowed to remain upon it.

The Domestic Bureau is open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; on Tuesdays from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m.; and on Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

Advertisements are received at the Offices of the "Daily Mirror," 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., and 2, Carmelite Street, E.C., between the hours of 10 and 7 (Saturdays 10 to 2), for insertion in the issue of the following day. Advertisements can be left at the Offices, or they can be sent by post, when they must be accompanied by Postal Orders (stamps will not be accepted) crossed BARCLAY & CO. DR

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Menservants. OR

BUTLER: highly recommended; disengaged; wanted for large house; height 5ft. 8in.; good appearance.—Write M. 40, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BUTLER or Indoor Servant: highly recommended by present master, who is going abroad; aged 28.—Write M. 50, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COACHMAN: long references; experienced; Write M. 27, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COACHMAN: good appearance; age 45; 10 years in livery situation; 14 years previous.—Write M. 49, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DOOR-PORTER or Porter-Butler: disengaged; experienced; very amiable; good references.—Write M. 34, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FIRST Footman or Under-Butler: age 24; 5ft. 9in.; good appearance; highly recommended.—Write M. 37, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FIRST Footman: age 24; height 5ft. 6in.; good appearance.—Write M. 47, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FIRST or Second Footman: age 24; £30; height 5ft. 8in.—Write M. 48, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Cooks.

COOK (good); aged 27; £20; two years' good reference; wants kitchenmaid.—Write K. 112, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK (very good plain); aged 26; nearly three years' good reference.—Write K. 111, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK (good plain); aged 40; £26; well recommended.—Write K. 110, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK (good plain); aged 40; £26; well recommended.—Write K. 611, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK (good plain); aged 40; £26; well recommended.—Write K. 610, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK (good plain); Swedish; £20; speaks no English; highly recommended.—Write K. 610, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOKHOUSEKEEPER; age 50; over three years' character; £40-45.—Write K. 601, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Housekeepers.

HOUSEKEEPER; age 50; over three years' character; £40-45.—Write K. 601, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Companions.

COMPANION; age 22; £20; good needlewoman; town or country.—Write L. 47, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COMPANION; age 20; small salary.—Write L. 611, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Lady's Maids.

MAID; age 35; experienced hairdresser, dressmaker; travelling.—Write L. 509, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

MAID; courteous German; also speaks English, French; highly recommended.—Write L. 508, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

MAID-ATTENDANT; age 31; nine years' good reference from last situation; good reader; good needlewoman; generally recommended.—Write L. 71, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Housemaids.

MAID (useful); age 26; now in town; long reference.—Write L. 46, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Housemaids.

HOUSEMAID; now in London; age 23; £13-£20.—Write H. 149, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Companions.

COMPANION; age 22; £20; good needlewoman; town or country.—Write L. 73, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COMPANION; age 20; small salary.—Write L. 611, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Lady's Maids.

MAID; age 35; experienced hairdresser, dressmaker; travelling.—Write L. 509, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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Housemaids.

HOUSEMAID; now in London; age 23; £13-£20.—Write H. 149, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

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MAID (useful); now in town; age 25; do 5s. New Bond-street, W.

MAID (useful); now in Lancashire; age 25; £20; country preferred.—Write L. 61, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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MAID (useful); now in London; age 23; £22; good reader; good needlewoman.—Write L. 52, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

MAID (useful); age 23; dressmaker.—Write L. 84, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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Our Feuilleton.

Chance, v v v v v the Juggler.

BY CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "By Right of Marriage.")

CHAPTER XXXI. Continued.

HELEN LORISON remembered that she must compose herself. She must betray nothing; it must be all concealment in the future. In itself it was easy enough; she was accustomed to conceal. But the girl? Dare she even be friendly with the girl? How strange it was, that strong mutual attraction! Would any mother feel so towards any daughter; any daughter towards any mother, if they had never known each other, and met for the first time? She thought not. It was a little consolation allowed to her, perhaps, that the girl liked her instinctively, not knowing that she had cause to hate her.

In the vestibule of the hotel were some people who knew her. She could not enter any other way.

"Why, Mrs. Lorison!" one of them exclaimed. "We thought you were lost!"

"It was so beautiful up at La Turbie," she said calmly. "I lingered and missed the train, and had to walk down. And, see, I have torn my dress, and the heel has come off one of my shoes." But until that moment she had not been aware of it.

"How strange she looked," said one of the little group, when she had passed on. "Did you notice? She is always awfully smart and beautifully dressed; but to-night she looks—well, beautiful."

"It struck me rather that she looked—handsome," said another woman.

"It is the same thing," remarked a man, who chanced to overhear them.

And Helen Lorison herself, when she happened to see her face in the glass, was startled, for her eyes were soft and shining, and on her lips was a little tremulous smile.

"How strange she thought. "I imagined that I had killed all feeling, that my heart was dead long years ago. And now I find her, and, although she can never know, and would hate me if she did, I—yes, I am glad!"

During the night she grew calm, and gave the matter serious thought; and the next morning she told her maid to pack a few things, because she was going to Paris. She did not take the servant with her, and said in the bureau of the hotel that she would only be away a day or two.

From Paris she went to the Breton village. She did not know whether Louise Kertolen still lived, but she was going to see. She was determined to hear the truth from the woman herself. There was no doubt in her mind; there could be no doubt in the mind of any reasoning being, but she was not the woman to allow a torrent of emotions to run riot in her heart, and then to find that she had been deceived by a chance resemblance, a sympathetic presence, and a coincidence of date.

She did find Louise Kertolen; she had been old twenty years ago, now she was a hag, wrinkled and toothless, and her speech was most difficult to understand.

At first she did not recognise Helen; but, when the latter made herself known, a look, half-fear, half-cunning, came into her eyes, bright still, and avaricious as of yore.

"The child died—she died," she whispered. "Why do you come here, after all these years?"

"The child did not die," said the mother sternly. "You lied to me; you tricked me! The child lives still, and I have seen her. You sold her." O

The old woman began to mutter incoherently.

"Tell me the truth!" interrupted Mrs. Lorison, and, at the sight of her face, Louise held up suppling hands.

"Oh, I will speak the truth. Yes, I sold her, oh—but no, I do not mean that, I gave her over to a good lady who could do so much more for her than I could, Madame, who could give her the position that she was made to occupy. I always knew you were a great lady, Madame, and it was a better fate for your poor little lamb than to stay with me, a poor peasant woman."

"But you lied to me—you lied!" The words were fainter. Helen was a just woman; she could not help realising that Louise could not have known that she was going to take the child back again, and that the fisher-woman could only have brought her up to tell all her days, whereas she had handed her over to a woman of means. It certainly was true that, if Louise had not sold the child to Mrs. Fraser, she would never have grown to such gracious womanhood, never have been the cherished and happy wife of a gallant English gentleman.

"But you lied to me—you lied!" The words were fainter. Helen was a just woman; she could not help realising that Louise could not have known that she was going to take the child back again, and that the fisher-woman could only have brought her up to tell all her days, whereas she had handed her over to a woman of means. It certainly was true that, if Louise had not sold the child to Mrs. Fraser, she would never have grown to such gracious womanhood, never have been the cherished and happy wife of a gallant English gentleman.

make it easy for you, Madame. Remember, you told me you would never claim her; you would never regret!"

And then all the agony of thwarted motherhood rose up in Helen's heart, and for one instant she turned on the old woman like a fury, R.

"Vous l'avez vendue! Vous êtes une méchante femme!"

But the words died in her throat. They were such poor words, such an inadequate reproach for all the wrong this ignorant and grasping woman had done to her. By her lie she had changed the course of her life, and turned it into dark channels, for she knew that the whole of her story would have been written differently if, when she had longed for it so fiercely, she could have had her child.

Without another word or look, she walked out of the miserable room, and she did not even hear the spiteful words the old woman hissed after her, accompanied by an evil leer:

"Ah, but you have done well, Madame. I told you, at best, children were encumbrances, and you look as if you had feasted royally ever since."

Two days afterwards Helen was back in Monte Carlo, and took up her life just where she had left it.

That same night she went into the Gaming Room with a party of friends, and saw Paul Joscelyn there. Under some pretext or other, he found occasion to escort her out on to the terrace and speak to her alone. His face was dark under the stars.

"You have made the acquaintance of Mrs. Chesney," he said.

"Yes." Her voice was low; her eyes were piteous, but they were turned away. It was all so different now. "You needn't be angry. Why are you implacable, just about her? She took a great fancy to me, and I to her. What harm can I do her? Her youth and her innocence are as beautiful to me as they are to you. I am so much older than she. Why—she gave a strange little laugh—"I might be her mother."

She took a furtive glance at him, and her voice grew bitter.

"Oh, I saw you twice. When I said I might be her mother, you said to yourself, "God forbid!"

He was silent; he had nothing to say. She drew her cloak about her. "I will go in. It is cold."

Then he looked her full in the eyes.

"I wanted to tell you this. Her soul is like those stars above us, as pure and as bright. She has taken a fancy to you, and you to her. So be it. If you ever poison her life with your knowledge, however unconsciously it may be; if ever you show her things as they really are, beware! And one thing more. No matter

how good your intentions towards her, no matter what happens, if ever and wherever it be possible to me, I will stand between you and her!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

ABOUT midway between Westminster Abbey and Victoria Station, in the very centre of a region of multi-story modern buildings, flats, and hotels, is Charlotte-hill, a mean street hob-nobbing with its fine, aristocratic neighbours, surrounded by the abodes of the rich and well-to-do, an alleyway within a stone's throw of the finest street in London, one of the many striking contrasts of the modern Babylon.

The light of London's rare sun never reached Charlotte-hill, for the soot-grimed little two-story tenements were shut in by mountains of bricks and mortar. The back windows of a large hotel looked down into its squalor, and the inhabitants of the mean and dirty little street could smell the rich cooking of the large hotel, even as the occupants of the rooms of the hotel that overlooked Charlotte-hill could smell the cooking of the mean and dirty little street.

Charlotte-hill patronised Italian organs. Rarely was one absent from its precincts, and not infrequently "Home, Sweet Home" and the "Marsellaise" fought a noisy duel from opposite ends of the street, to the distress of the occupants of the back rooms of the large hotel.

There were several public-houses in Charlotte-hill, even though the last number in the street was fifty-seven; there was also a fried-fish shop and an odorous greengrocer's store, where the sale of aged vegetables was combined with that of kippers and blotters, and other useful things of that description. Anyone who knows Charlotte-hill must have come to the conclusion that its denizens did not possess a very keen sense of smell, or a refined taste in music.

There are many streets like Charlotte-hill in the ancient City of Westminster; but there are none uglier, more pathetic: there many be many less respectable, and many much poorer.

One house in Charlotte-hill, if one may draw comparisons in extremes, or admit degrees in superlatives, was the dirtiest and most unwholesome house in the street. It could hardly boast of a whole pane of glass in its windows devoid of blinds or curtains; its door was destitute of a knocker, and the greasy brass handle required very careful manipulation. The uninformed stranger would unhesitatingly affirm that it was empty.

To be Continued.

"Daily Mirror" Small Advertisements (Continued).**SITUATIONS WANTED.**

HOUSEMAID (temporary); 14s. weekly; well recommended.—Write H. 151, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Parlourmaid. O.P.

PARLOURMAID, now in Coventry; £30; 24 years in last place; excellent recommendation from last lady.—Write H. 150, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Stillroom Maid.

STILLROOM-MAID; hotel experience; very good references; 10s. to 15s.—Write H. 20, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Governesses.

GOVERNESS (dally); now in London; teaches French, English, Italian.—Write L. 40, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GOVERNESS; age 30; experienced linguist; three years' reference present situation; plain.—Write L. 29, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GOVERNESS; speaks German, English, French; town or country; thoroughly experienced.—Write L. 53, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GOVERNESS, Companion, or Lady House-keeper seeks situation; linguist; good correspondence.—Write L. 74, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GOVERNESS (nurse); age 20; 41 years' reference from present situation; young children preferred.—Write L. 74, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

M AID (children) or nursery governess; age 20; 21; tampered preferred; 44 years personal service.—Write L. 60, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Nurses.

HOUSE (maternity); experienced L.O.S. and Queen Charlotte's; disengaged until March 1st; highly recommended by patients.—Write L. 455, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

HOUSE; certified; moderate terms; good references.—Write L. 501, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOUSE (attendant); long reference; £20, 25s.—Write L. 500, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOUSE-ATTENDANT; now in town; temporary or permanent; £20.—Write L. 510, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOUSE; age 22; £22; now in Lancashire; nearly two years' reference.—Write L. 55, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOUSE (nurse); age 20; three years' reference; good needswoman; understands German.—Write L. 45, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOUSE (nurse); now in London; wants place; London or country; age 30; three years' reference from last situation; previously near New year.—Write L. 83, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

USEFUL MAID or Nurse-Attendant; good nurse; good needswoman; three years' experience with elderly ladies; last ten years with members same family; excellent personal references.—E. Watson, 31, St. Thomas-road, Hastings.

Chambermaid.

CHAMBERMAID disengaged; age 28; good references; £18.—Write M. 14, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Kitchenmaids.

KITCHENMAID; age 22; £18; disengaged now.—Write K. 107, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

KITCHENMAID; now in Devonshire; age 25; £20.—Write R. 106, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Clubs, Hotels, and Boarding Houses.

COOK, thoroughly experienced; good references; wants place in hotel; good carver.—Write M. 1001, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HEAD or Hall Porter; disengaged; age 29; good references; 10s. weekly; tax and travelling.—Write M. 36, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOTEL COOK disengaged; age 40; good references; 15s. weekly.—Write M. 10, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOTEL PORTER; age 28; from 12s. weekly; good references; 10s. weekly.—Write M. 32, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID in hotel; age 29; £18; nice appearance; good reference.—Write M. 1004, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PAGE; age 14; 4ft. 6in.—Write M. 28, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PORTER or Pantryman (foreigner) wants place in hotel or club; experienced; good references.—Write M. 32, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PORTER VALET; night preferred; nearly 2 years' reference; nice appearance.—Write M. 7, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

WAITER; nice appearance; good references; 8s. to 10s. weekly.—Write M. 9, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Miscellaneous.

CARTEPAKER, now in Windsor, age 47; highly recommended.—Write H. 152, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

DAILY Worker; can waltz solo or in cloak-and-dagger music; good references.—Write H. 141, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

DRESSMAKER (dally); thorough good work; woman's clothes; good references; moderate.—Write L. 45, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LADY CLERK and Typist, Shorthand, French, good at figures; good references.—Write L. 92, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

SECRETARY; speaks English, French, German; good typewriter; good references.—Write L. 512, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

WAIFESS; highly recommended; £16-£18, New Bond-street, W.

WANTED by respectable Person temporary situation cooking or housework; used to gentleman's service.—B., 4, Elora-road, Skewtham.

SITUATIONS VACANT.**Manservant. T.H.**

FOOTMAN wanted for London; £24; must be tall.—Write M. 501, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SITUATIONS VACANT.**Cooks. E**

COOK (good plain); £22-24; for country; 3 servants.—Write K. 30, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK (good plain) wanted; wages £20-£24.—Apply Mrs. Gwilt, North Kilworth Hall, Rugby.

COOK (good plain) required at once for the country; assistance given.—Apply Mrs. Muirhead, Downe, Kent.

COOK (good plain); £26-28; small family; for Kington-on-Soar.—Write K. 37, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK for Maids Vale; £20; small family; 2 servants and nurse.—Write K. 39, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK (through good plain); two children; large assistance; help given.—Mrs. Winifred Houseford, Elles Coone, Essex.

COOK (good plain), wanted January 7; small family; no basement; three maids kept; wages £20-£24.—8, Elsworth-road, Primrose Hill, N.W.

COOK-GENERAL wanted December 30th; for small family; house-parlourmaid; kept; no basement; good wages; good home; abstainer preferred.—Apply 54, Castlebar-road, Edgware.

COOK (good plain); £20; for January 7; small family; light duties.—Write L. 26, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COMPANION.

COMPANION wanted for one lady; treated as friend entirely.—36, Yarburgh-street, Manchester.

Housekeeper.

HOUSEKEEPER (working) wanted for one lady; 25; must be experienced.—Write M., "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

MAID, one lady, for town; must be good dreamaker, packer.—Write L. 61, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

MAID required, for lady and daughter; town and travelling; good hairdresser; packer.—Write L. 60, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

General Servants.

GENERAL; £14-£16; small family; nurse-maid kept.—Write P., "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GENERAL-ATTENDANT; now in town; temporary or permanent; £20.—Write L. 510, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GENERAL (good); wanted; small family; comfortable home.—Mrs. Nairall, 33, Gainsborough-Lane, Acton.

GENERAL Servant wanted about 22, under housekeeper; 2 in family; must be experienced.—Apply by letter, full particulars, Woodstock, Hamilton-road, Ealing.

HELP (useful) wanted for Baywater; £20; good family; assistance given.—Write L. 77, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HELP (useful) wanted for Forest Gate; good wages.—Write L. 80, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HELP (useful) wanted for London; £16 to £18.—Write L. 76, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HELP (useful), wanted for Surrey; small family; light duties; £16.—Write L. 79, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HELP; household; assist children; comfortable home.—Oliver, 6, York Villas, East Twickenham.

WANTED at once, a good, strong girl, about 22 years of age, as General Servant in a small family; must have had experience; wages £12-£14.—Apply Mrs. Trusham, 115, Colworth-road, Leytonstone.

BETWEEN-MAID, for Hyde Park; £14; 2 in family; 4 servants.—Write H. 28, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BETWEEN-MAID for Knightsbridge; £27; 4 in family; 4 servants.—Write H. 27, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BETWEEN-MAID; for London; £12; 2 in family; 4 servants.—Write H. 7, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BETWEEN-MAID for Bournmouth.—Write H. 29, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BETWEEN-MAID for Baywater; £12; 6 in family; 6 servants.—Write M. 28, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BETWEEN-MAID for Baywater; £12; 6 in family; 6 servants.—Address Miss Angard, Maudsley, Windsor.

BETWEEN-MAID for Baywater; £12; 6 in family; 6 servants.—Write M. 28, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Governesses.

GOVERNESS (nurse); three children; for Barnes; nurse kept; £20.—Write L. 25, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GOVERNESS (dally); wanted after Xmas; thorough English; fluent French; two punts (9, 16); £40.—Write R. 47, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GOVERNESS (dally); for holidays; mathematics and Latin required.—Write L. 64, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GOVERNESS (R.C.); wanted after Xmas; thorough English; fluent French; two punts (9, 16); £40.—Write R. 47, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GOVERNESS (dally); wanted after Xmas; thorough English; fluent French; two punts (9, 16); £40.—Write R. 47, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Nurses.

NURSE; two children; £18-24; for Beckhill.—Write L. 28, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

NURSE; one baby; £26; for Mayfair.—Write L. 55, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

NURSE (head); £20; good wages; good references.—Write K. 30, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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